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OUR HOME MISSION WORK.

BY ALEXANDER GILCHRIST, Cor. Sec.

HOME mission work in general is the effort either by individual Christians, by congregations or by other Christian organizations, to bring those who dwell near them under the saving influence of the gospel. The specific object in this work, however, as undertaken by the whole church and carried on through the Board of Home Missions, is to found, foster and build up new congregations in all parts of our land, provision being made also for the partial support of weak congregations that should be maintained. The plans and methods approved and adopted by the General Assembly, and the regulations prescribed by that body for carrying on the work, all look to this end. While this object is, of necessity, kept constantly and prominently in view by the church in all its operations, yet it in no way lessens the duty of individuals and congregations to do evangelistic work as they have opportunity, nor does it in the least interfere with such effort. On the contrary it is an encouragement and aid to all such endeavor. This work is not intended merely to meet temporary conditions. It looks far into the future and contemplates the enlarging and strengthening of the church in all the years to come.

The plan for carrying forward this work is in strict accord with our system of church government. The Presbytery has direct supervision and control of the home mission work within its territory. No congregation can be organized unless the Presbytery so orders. No aid from the home mission funds can be obtained by any congregation except upon the recommendation and request of Presbytery. If it is found necessary or desirable to establish a congregation in a certain place, it is the province and duty of the Presbytery in whose bounds such place exists to make a thorough investigation of the case and report thereon through the Board to the General Committee, making, at the same time, such recommendations and requests as in its judgment the case requires.

The General Committee is composed of one minister who is duly chosen from each Presbytery, and one representative from each of the Boards of Home Missions and Church Extension. It meets each year one week before the meeting of the General Assembly. To it are presented all applications for aid except those of special missions, and of these there are comparatively few. This committee carefully considers each case so presented, decides whether or not aid shall be given, and if a grant is made, fixes the amount and the conditions upon which payment will be made. The committee submits its entire work to the Gen-

eral Assembly for the approval of that body. After the General Assembly has thus acted the whole work of home missions as ordered and provided for passes into the hands of the Board of Home Missions. This Board, consisting of six ministers and three laymen, has executive charge and oversight of the work. It carries out the plans and directions of the two bodies just mentioned, receives all contributions for home mission purposes, makes quarterly payments to stations according to appropriations, appoints missionaries and meets emergencies as they arise during the year, and at the end of the year makes a full report of its work to the General Assembly.

Thus it will be seen that this work in almost all its details is directly under the control of the church at large, and in this respect differs from the other branches of the general work of our church. It is emphatically fundamental work, and upon its success depends very largely the future of our church. The planting and development of new congregations in our own land is indispensible to the continued life of the church. It will also insure greater power and efficiency in the operations at home, the need of which is urgent and imperative, and will increase the ability to do more in the foreign fields from which larger demands that should be met are constantly coming. Many of our strongest congregations in the older sections of the country owe their existence partly or wholly to the help they received in the beginning from the Board of Home Missions. In the West where our church is growing and spreading with such power and promise there are very few congregations that have not been thus aided. The great majority of these congregations have not only become self-supporting, but they are contributing a large proportion of the money that goes to the support and extension of the general work of the church.

At the present time 221 congregations, having a membership of over 17,000, are receiving aid from the home mission funds. These stations present a great variety of condition, location and development. They extend from the extreme East to the far West, and are situated in the great cities, in towns and in country districts. They are nearly all in a prosperous condition and quite a number of them have nearly reached the stage of self support. Last year eight stations passed from the list of dependent congregations. In order better to meet the needs of some new missions started in remote places, or where they will be somewhat isolated denominationally, they are placed in the special care of the Board for a few years and are known as special missions. The particular object in this arrangement is to secure continuity of pastoral oversight in the earlier years of these organizations. As congregations are multiplied and Presbyterial oversight becomes easier and less expensive there is less need of this special arrangement.

In the more definite and direct mission work there are at first many difficulties to be overcome and many perplexities to be met. It is often the case that a minister is sent to a place to begin work where our church is scarcely known at all—where there are no helpers, or few at most, to meet him, and no place provided in which to hold services. Everything rests entirely upon his own shoulders and he is compelled to bear all responsibilities for the starting and carrying forward of the work. For such an undertaking great faith, courage and perseverance are required, and the trying experiences of many of our home missionaries commend them to the sympathy and support of the church that appoints them to their posts of responsibility and arduous toil.

In the prosecution of our home mission work the cordial co-operation and liberal financial help of the Women's Board is appreciated as a most valuable aid. They assume the entire support each year of the Warm Springs Indian mission, besides paying the salaries of several women missionaries who labor as assistants in different congregations, as they are appointed. Often in time of special need they turn into the home mission treasury a handsome sum.

Our church enters the twentieth century with abilities and opportunities which

should be prophetic of glorious achievements for Christ in our own land and in the regions of paganism. The work of the church is world-wide, but it advances to universal conquest little by little, a place at a time, moving out with a loving heart and a strong hand first into the regions that lie near at hand and then into the regions that lie beyond. As a church we have only begun to occupy this land. We are entering the great cities with marked success. Let us enter them all and plant our church securely in these centres of marvelous civil and financial power, as well as of great wickedness, from which only a pure gospel will save. We are pushing out into the great West and Northwest that is rapidly filling up with people, and where there is sure to be in the next few years a remarkable development. Let us advance with more speed and with greater power and see to it that in all this broad land the mighty victories of civilization are at least equaled by the glorious triumphs of the Gospel. Imitating the example of Christ, who so divinely wrought for the salvation of men, with a zeal becoming his followers, and offering for the holy cause for which He gave his life the noblest service and the most liberal contributions within our power, we shall advance to the work of evangelizing this land with the certainty of success. The spirit of efficiency is with us, the purpose of eternity works for us, the door of opportunity is opened wide. If we are faithful God will send us prosperity and our church will have an important part in the great work which ultimately shall cause the glory of salvation to shine in all our land.

Pittsburgh, Jan., 1901.

HOME MISSION WORK UNDER THE CARE OF THE WOMEN'S AUXILIARY BOARD.

By Mrs. Elizabeth M. Campbell, Corresponding Secretary.

SINCE our last annual report our Home Mission work has been prosecuted with the same faithfulness and zeal that has characterized our workers hitherto. A new superintendent has been sent to the Warm Springs reservation, from whom our mission hopes to receive much help and encouragement. Our good friend and worker, Mr. Speer, has decided that he must leave this responsible and interesting field in the spring, not from lack of love for the work but in justice to himself and family. We have not yet appointed his successor, but are praying the Father to send the right man to occupy this important position. We hope to send a committee to visit our Indian missions before Mr. Speer leaves.

The minister in charge of our Detroit mission was obliged to resign on account of health, but a young gentleman, a member of Dr. Vincent's church, has been engaged to give his evenings, and perhaps a day or two each week to the furtherance of the work, which seems to be very encouraging.

A new mission in Bloomington, Ind., has been taken under our care and Mrs. Morlin, a member of the first church of that city, has been chosen as missionary. She began work about Nov. 15, 1900.

Our Messiah Mission in Chicago seems to have taken on new life; the reports show a very marked increase in attendance and interest. Mr. Chalmers arranged for a series of meetings in November, which seem to have deepened the spiritual life of the workers and others in attendance. We pray for a rich blessing to descend upon this our only mission for God's chosen people.

Monthly reports are always received from our missions, which set forth the fact that our devoted laborers in our own land are working in season and out of season to bring souls into the kingdom. Mention was made in our annual report of the work done in Good Hope Mission, Pittsburg, Pa. Through the earnest endeavors of Dr. R. J. Miller and co-laborers much good has been accomplished; not the least being a new

work among the Poles residing in the neighborhood of the mission. I think I will allow Dr. Miller to tell you about it in his own words as follows:

WORK AMONG THE POLES.

"This is a work of recent origin, and is yet in its initiatory and somewhat experimental stage. By a chain of circumstances the finger of Providence seems to be pointing us to this class of strangers within our gates and bidding us offer to them the bread of life. It is estimated that the Poles in America number not far from two million souls—equal to the great nation which Moses led out of bondage—and yet almost nothing has been done for their evangelization by the Protestant churches of America. Three of our presbyteries—Allegheny, Monongahela and Westmoreland, seconded and assisted by the Synod of Pittsburg—are doing some work in this direction, chiefly by helping to support a weekly Polish newspaper, which has its religious page containing the International Sabbath-school lesson with expositions written specially for its readers by some of our own ministers and carefully translated into their language by its editor, besides other articles of an evangelical nature. The presbytery of Monongahela, seconded by a committee representing the three presbyteries just named, requested the Women's Board to undertake the support of a Polish worker. During the past summer, as readers of the MAGAZINE have already been informed, work of this kind was done in Pittsburg and vicinity by Mr. Paul Kozielek, a Polish student from Oberlin Theological Seminary, and Rev. John Lewandowski, Congregational Polish pastor in Detroit, each of them spending a portion of their vacation in preaching to their countrymen in this vicinity and in visiting from house to house. At present we are contributing to the support of Mr. Constantine Antoszewski, who seems to have been providentially raised up and qualified for such work as now greatly needs to be done. He traces his own conversion when a boy to the influence of a brother, who himself was enlightened and converted through the instrumentality of a portion of the Gospel of John, placed in his hands by an English-speaking colporteur. Like Andrew, having found the personal Saviour, his first thought was to find his own brothers and lead them also to Jesus. Almost as soon as the younger of these brothers had found salvation he began to help distribute the Word of life, visiting different parts of his native land and Russia selling Testaments and Bibles. When he afterwards found his way to America he engaged in the same work in Cleveland, Detroit, Chicago and other cities. Some five years ago he joined a colony which went to Jerusalem, the declared purpose of its founders being to establish industrial education and to spread the Gospel in the land where our Saviour lived and died. Not satisfied with the conduct and the results of that experiment, Mr. Antoszewski returned to America during the past summer, hoping to find some work by which he could continue to help enlighten his fellowmen. A noteworthy co-incidence in connection with his return was as follows: Dr. P. A. Schauffler, of Cleveland, Ohio, having learned of his desire to return, recommended one of our ministers to write to him and also to the U. S. Consul at Jerusalem with reference to such work as our church was beginning. But before the arrival of this letter of inquiry, Mr. Antoszewski with his family had already sailed for America, reaching Buffalo, N. Y., where his two brothers make their home early in September, 1900. At the request of our workers he visited Pittsburg a few weeks later, and after careful consideration expressed his willingness to help carry forward this work.

"For the present he is laboring under the direction of our committee on Polish Evangelization to place the paper already referred to on a firmer financial basis and to extend its influence. Following its subscription list as leading strings, he is going from city to city, visiting homes which it enters and introducing it into other homes, carrying with him also tracts, Bibles and Testaments, and giving personal instruction wherever he finds opportunity. During the last two

months of the old year he made visits to many Polish homes in Buffalo, Erie, Youngstown, New Castle, Beaver Falls, Pittsburg and Wilmerding, distributing some two hundred tracts, two hundred and fifty copies of the Sabbath-school lesson paper published by our committee on Polish Evangelization, selling about one hundred and twenty-five Bibles and Testaments—fifty-seven Bibles and sixty-seven Testaments—and receiving seventy-one subscriptions for the paper which he represented, fifty of these being new subscriptions. At the beginning of the new year he goes to Philadelphia intending to do similar work in that city, and also in Baltimore and New York, and on his return to visit a number of communities in eastern Pennsylvania where his countrymen live in large numbers, and where the paper referred to has already some foothold. After this somewhat extended missionary itinerary, it is the expectation that he will return to Pittsburg to engage more directly in the work of conducting religious meetings, visiting from house to house, continuing at the same time to assist both in the editing and circulation of the paper which our church has undertaken to support.

Mr. Antoszewski and his Family.

"All this is emphatically a work of seed-sowing, but it seems very necessary at the present stage, and relying upon the divine promise we may certainly hope that it will yet prove very fruitful. Speaking of our work—publishing and disseminating Christian literature among his countrymen,—

Rev. Paul Fox, Congregationalist Polish Missionary in Cleveland writes :

'As I am getting more experience in missionary work among the Poles, I am coming to realize the importance of a Christian Polish paper. The inborn, erroneous religious conception of the Poles can be displaced by something better only slowly. No rapid process will be effective. And what can better mold and fashion their minds than a good Christian paper? Visiting is good, even essential; but to be profitable it must have a prepared soil. Besides, who is able to reach so many by visiting as through a paper? He sincerely sympathizes with the work being done along that line by our own church.'

"So do all other evangelical Polish ministers in America, of whom, however, there are less than a half dozen. It will be seen also that while this work has its headquarters in Pittsburg, it is by no means confined to this locality. Beside the places already mentioned, the paper has a greater or less circulation in Cleveland, Toledo, Detroit, and a few other smaller cities or towns.

"While this general work of publishing and disseminating Christian literature is thus being carried forward, the local work has not been wholly neglected, though it has been difficult to carry it forward on account of the lack of a well qualified worker. A Polish Bible class has been maintained in connection with Good Hope Mission, Pittsburg, for nearly two years, with somewhat enconraging results. Five or six men and women have made profession of their faith in connection with that mission, and a few children are now members of its Sabbath-school. It is hoped that this work may be carried forward much more effectually when it is possible to have in our midst one who can talk to these people efficiently in their own tongue. A number of them seem very eager for the presence of such a teacher in their midst. The progress will doubtless be slow, and in some respects disappointing, but surely there lies before us a wide field and an open door, which we should not hesitate to enter to the extent of our ability, praying and looking for the divine blessing upon these efforts. At present there is an opportunity to obtain a building centrally located in the Polish community, which would be eminently adapted as headquarters for this work—both its publishing and evangelistic departments—at a very reasonable outlay, if the means were only available for this purpose. We believe that many more of the Polish people could be gathered to hear the Gospel if such a place of meeting could be had which would be used exclusively by themselves.

"Accompanying this communication is a picture of Mr. Antoszewski and his family—his wife aud children appearing in the costume of the people of Bethlehem, where Jesus was born, and himself in the costume and character of an Arab chief. His thorough familiarity with customs and conditions of Bible lands gives him special qualifications as a disseminator and expounder of the holy Scriptures. Speaking of the reception which he has among his countrymen in this land he says :

'Almost everywhere I come the people do not want the Bible at first, not knowing what it is; but when they hear me read to them a chapter or two, they quickly change their opinions, listen with great interest and reverence, and sometimes one can see the tears in their eyes. Last night my friend, with whom I stop, and myself went to a Lithuanian family and sold them a Testament in their own language. When their little girl of nine or so heard us inquiring whether there were any Polish people in that neighborhood, she offered to be our guide, with the permission of her parents. First she took us to a family where we found a bright young girl, who told us that she would not buy any books, as she had no money. There were others present, and also some children. As usual, I began to read, and she began to listen, and also the rest in the room. I only wish you could have been with us, watching them how they listened. When I finished the chapter and bade them good-night, our little guide took us to the next door neighbor. But before we could sit down, who should come after us but the young girl who said just a little while ago that she didn't want to buy any books and that she had no money. She handed me the money, asking, 'Is this the book?' took the Bible, and with joy left the room in haste.

'Next we sold a Slovak Testament, and then again went to see a Polish family, but as the father was not at home, we were invited to come again next evening, When it was 10:15 the little girl wanted still to take us to another home, but we said it was time for her, as well as for us, to go home. Before we let her go, I asked her what she would prefer, money or a Testament. She chose the latter and went home happy. She was the best listener to the Word of God during the whole evening.

'These poor people need instruction, in order to be freed from ignorance and superstition, and the Word of God is able to do this and to bring them the knowledge of Jesus Christ.'

We wish all our workers everywhere a happy New Year; to that end, we hope, that the first year of the new century may be the busiest year of our lives; that the Father

may lead us into greater and more numerous fields of usefulness; that our numbers and our offerings may so increase that our opportunities for serving Him may abound still more and more. *So* shall we have a *happy* new year.

Allegheny, Pa.

THE MISSION AMONG THE ITALIANS IN PITTSBURGH

By H. G. Edgar.

THE Women's Missionary Society of Monongahela Presbytery has taken upon itself, within the last year, to support a mission to the Italians of the city of Pittsburg. The interest in this work is growing, partly because it is a rather new departure and partly as some have said, people think "there's no use trying" to do anything with the Italians; and they are watching with interest to see what the outcome may be. But with some interested for these reasons, there are many interested for higher and better reasons—in fact, for the best of reasons. That more may become interested, pecuniarily and otherwise, we hail with delight the opportunity afforded by the editors of the Women's Missionary Magazine to set forth something of the natural and circumstantial character of the work.

The section of the city in which the work has been begun comprises about ten squares only a few blocks south of union depot. In this small section there are, at a conservative estimate, 2000 Italians. These Italians come from a country where, according to last accounts there were only 62,000 Protestants out of a population of 31,000,000, and out of this 31,000,000, 12,000,000 are illiterate; where there are more beggars in proportion to the population than in any country in the world and where the Pope's gracious presence is a perpetual "bull." It is "sunny Italy," the "land of flowers and the blue sky," the seat of the "Eternal City" the once proud mistress of the world, whence these people come and come in great squads.

In 1890 the total foreign immigration to the United States amounted to 455,000. Of this number 11 per cent. or 52,000 were Italians. In 1899 the immigrants numbered 401,000 and of these 27 per cent. or 109,000, were Italians. They come in all their ignorance, superstition and filth, bringing with them their penurious and beggarly customs and settle in portions of our cities that would without them be either renovated or abandoned, and fill up the miserable shacks and hovels that make parts of otherwise fair cities hot-beds of disease contagion and vermin of all descriptions. In many respects these people are beastly in manners, customs, ways of living and vices. This generally speaking in regard to the communities described; of course there are some good, clean, home-loving, respectable, industrious Italians, but they are rather scarce.

As noted above, about 2,000 Italians have settled within a small compass in Pittsburg; now what are their surroundings? In and very near this section four Protestant churches have crumbled, or moved out to retain their existence, and four more are getting ready to follow their example as speedily as possible, while three Catholic churches, two convents and two Catholic schools are flourishing, disseminating their evil, superstition-breeding influences throughout the community. They are surrounded by saloons, speak-easies, houses of ill-fame and general wretchedness. There are saloons galore. At the intersection of Bedford avenue and Washington streets there are three saloons, one on each of three of the possible four corners—all necessary, of course, to the convenience of the public. At one of the saloons the negroes gather; at one the Italians and at one the so-called native citizens. Each race watches the others, and only a word is necessary to

precipitate a riot. What a benign influence surrounds these people when they strike this Christian land of ours!

Now, just a glimpse into some of their typical lodging houses—they cannot be called homes. That is too sacred a term to apply to such places. The Italians here have virtually no home life. This class never had any. They had none in Italy. What privacy their dwellings might have here is upset because of the scarcity of Italian women, and this scarcity, in turn, is to be accounted for largely by the fact that a great proportion of the Italian men are deserters from the army and criminals who, in their haste to leave their native soil, had not time to arrange their domestic and love affairs. In many cases these tenements serve as lodging houses for hordes of Italian men, who go roaming about the country wherever they can find a job with a pick and shovel. Sometimes one woman has to do service as domestic for a whole tenement full of such men going about her work with a baby in her arms and a whole host of little ones clinging to her skirts. The boys are sent out to gather in the nickels as soon as they are large enough to carry a boot-black's kit or a bundle of papers, while the girls are sent with baskets on their arms to go the rounds of the garbage cans at the market places and bring back what is not wholly decayed as their part in the bread winning for the family.

A sad feature in the characters of this class of Italians is that they have no principle within them to restrain their dispositions. One has but to let his imagination have play to realize what this means. Now don't be afraid, you can't imagine the worst! Surrounded by vice and crime of the most heinous sorts, they run to the worst. Scarcely a newspaper comes to hand but contains accounts of riots and murders among these people. The question usually on the lips of one inquiring about them is, Are they not all Catholics? Well, they *are* if you *ask* them, but they are *not* if you *watch* them. The fact is very many of them are nothing. When a Protestant comes around they profess to be devout Catholics, but this, seemingly, is to cover up their true condition.

Such are the Italians in whom the Women's Missionary Society of Monongahela Presbytery is deeply interested. But when all is said, the fact still remains that these same Italians have souls that are worth saving.

Now as to the means employed in this particular mission. Three regular meetings are held each week. On Friday evenings a religious English school is conducted, which is adaptable to three classes of children who attend, i. e., those who do not speak English and wish to learn; those who really want to learn more of the common school branches, and those who come because they are invited and are attracted for various reasons. On Saturday afternoons a sewing-school is conducted for Italian girls at which there is an attendance of from 40 to 50 pupils and from 8 to 12 teachers. The girls are allowed to keep the garments they make, but are not permitted to take them home until they have done their best upon them. On Sabbath evenings a Sabbath school is conducted. In all the meetings religious instruction is given a large place. The attendance of pupils is about the same at all the meetings.

Of course the work is slow. The adults are hard to reach; but it cannot be expected that the influences of generations can be counteracted in a day. However, we believe we are making impressions and progress.

There are few cities that do not have Italian sections and it is astonishing how they have been let alone and neglected by Christian people. By referring to the statistics in regard to foreign immigration, it can be seen at a glance what a serious problem these people are creating for both church and state. But we believe that, if the church discharges conscientiously, her responsibility toward them, the state's problem, will be wonderfully simplified.

Just a word of exhortation. If there are Italians in *your* village go to them. Invite them to your church. Go after their children and take them to Sabbath-school.

Yes, they are dirty—many of them. They are boisterous and ill-mannered, and may cause your Sabbath-school superintendent to forget the subject of last Sabbath's lesson; but there is a power that can change all this. In our little mission here we have confidence to expect that some day the words of the Spirit as revealed by John in the Revelation may be adapted to read: "Thou hast a few Italians even in Pittsburg which have not defiled their garments, and they shall walk with me in white, for they are worthy."

Pittsburgh, Pa.

BROTHERS IN CHRIST.

A Home Missionary Picture.

DID you get a letter from the Board, Harold?" "Did 'oo det 'etter f'um de Boa'd Har'l'?" The question had a double echo, and two curly heads were lifted out of the pile of comforts on the bed in the corner nearest the stove.

"No, Sis,—no, Twinnies,—maybe it will come to-morrow. Thank you, Edith," and the weary boy gratefully drank the glass of hot water, and then accepted the children's invitation to "tum under de tuver an' det warm."

Edith, two years his junior, curled up beside them and resumed her sewing.

"If only Papa's money would come! Look at this coat! It's just a cobweb and a disgrace!"

"What are you doing? Why, Edith,—that's your brown skirt you are cutting up!" and Harold half rose in bed, as he recognized the clippings that lay about her.

"Hush!"—Edith's lip quivered—"I can't go to school without shoes, anyhow, and father was so cold last night. Mother's at the Hollow—old Mr. Peffer died this noon, and father must go there after tea; father's such a comforter in trouble. I couldn't let him go out again in that coat. Now I can't be in the Thanksgiving exercises at school—but never mind, he'll be comfy." And two tears fell on the coat, as she gave it a loving pat.

"Edie, 'tisn't coats and shoes that I mind. Father said last night he couldn't keep us here to starve, and if he goes the work will stop. We've tried so hard to get some folks to care about God—there's the Peffers, they're all so different now. Father talks to me lots; it'll just break his heart to leave and where could he go? Folks in the east are just as badly off—all the papers tell of the hard times. You know how long they've given the money to the Board to keep up this work; it stands to reason they haven't any themselves, or there'd be some for us, 'cause we're 'brothers in Christ Jesus,' you know, 'one body,' and if one member suffers, it hurts all the rest—the Bible says so."

Harold Tomsen was not an ordinary boy. A fall in babyhood and years of patient pain-bearing had left his body misshapen but his soul as strong and straight as the young Indians whom he secretly admired. Intimate fellowsnip with his father, a pioneer home missionary, his father's books and his father's God, had developed him in mind and heart far beyond his years.

He had never known other than what eastern folks—or indeed any one but a self-sacrificing home missionary—would call "straitened circumstances." When his own dear mother went to dwell with God, the boy secretly grieved over the coarse, well-worn clothing, in which they laid her body away, and in his prayer that night sobbed out to God:

"I know she is wearing beautiful white robes in heaven—but I did just once want to see her look sweet and pretty, like she used to when I was a little fellow. She was so good to everybody, and worked so hard for you, dear father, that she deserved something white and soft, and some flowers—she loved them so!"

But it was winter, and the only flowers that had come for mother were the pure,

white snow wreaths, which fell out of God's heaven and heaped themselves over the low mound, making it, when the morrow's sun brought shining after the storm, fair and sparkling like the soul of the one who slept beneath.

The young step-mother, who made their home so happy a place for him, Edith and their father, soon won his affection and he longed to have beautiful things for them all, and for the dear Twinnies who took possession of his heart's love and a good share of his daily bread.

The one-roomed house, with its loft divided by a curtain into two apartments, one for him and one for Edith, was scarcely above the freezing point in weather like this when fuel was plentiful—it had not been so lately, for the Board had not been able to send Mr. Tomsen his full salary, owing to the times being hard and their having borrowed up to the prudent limit of their ability. The little prairie church was itself poor; the pastor had more than once refused what he knew to be his due because it seemed like taking the bread from others' mouths,

On the morrow Harold paid another visit to the post office, two miles away. The wind was as bitter as the sleet was sharp; both swept across the prairie, whirling and eddying about him even more keenly than yesterday; but the Board's letter buttoned close against his breast sent a glow all through his frame. He held his head well down and fought his way along bravely, whistling "Onward Christian Soldiers," and mentally singing the words,

"We are not divided—
All one body we."

"I wonder why God let the hard times come? It was bad enough when the church had plenty of money and only we mission folks were poor. But now it is everybody! There hasn't been enough money in the whole church in the United States since June, for all of father's salary! If it wasn't for the twins, I believe I could save something to send back to the east, now it is hard times and they have to do without the things they need and are used to having."

"All one body we." Visions of the impoverished churches in the cities, especially in the wonderful, unknown "east;" pity for the supposed poverty-stricken condition of the dear friends there, whom he knew only through the church papers, and the warm hearted Western Secretary's rare visits, and an eager desire to help them, filled his heart. Was there nothing that he could spare to give them? Surely such generous-hearted folks must be in fearful straits themselves, their own houses must be nearly bare, their own children shivering and hungry, their own church meetings closed for want of fuel to heat the rooms, or they never would let such suffering come to their western brothers and sisters.

"If I could only send them a box, like they talked of sending us last year and got our measures for! Perhaps if it had ever come, I could have spared them something! I haven't a single thing to give—why yes, I have! there's mother's ring."

The tears, which would freeze if they rolled down his cheeks, seemed to have fallen into his throat and choked him, for the ring taken from his own mother's finger had been kissed night and morning ever since she had slipped it from her caressing hand, that night she went away, and placed it on his finger with a prayer. He had often wondered if he *could* spare it to Edith when she became a young lady; girls need rings more than boys. Now did the Lord need it to help along His church work in the east?

Home was in sight, he must go in with a bright face; the question must wait for settlement till night. Sunshine went into the room with him, the children greeted him and the letter with shouts, while the "little mother" took his damp coat off and gave him a steaming cup of hot water from the kettle on the stove, tea and sugar being luxuries long since beyond their possessing.

Father appeared soon with news of sickness at the next door neighbor's, and speedily broke the seal of the long expected letter, announcing the arrival of a small check from the Board in tones whose gratitude was totally unproportioned to its amount, adding

that "now we can get little Mary Schaeffer that medicine which helped her so quickly before."

When Harold had laid himself down that night, Edith came in her motherly little way, to see if he were tucked in, and the boy unburdened his heart.

"God's work has to go on, Edith," he said, after telling her of his resolve, "just think how bad the people would get here if father didn't keep reminding them how God loves them and wants them to be like Jesus! And I guess these people couldn't get along with their churches shut up any more than we could; and now that hard times has made them poor, we ought to show our gratitude to God and them by giving to help them along. Why—with childlike confidence in the loving care of those unknown brethren in the faith—"*of course* they are suffering for things themselves, or they'd never let us be cold and hungry so often! 'Cause we are brethren in Christ Jesus'—I wouldn't let *you* starve if *I* had anything! It hurts me so much to think about them that I just have decided to send that ring. I'm sure Jesus would if it was His. Father's book says, 'Save America and you save the world' —or something like that. And the Bible says it pleased God by the foolishness of preaching to save the world, and how is he going to do it if the churches have to get shut up and the preachers starve to death?"

The next day Harold made another visit to the post-office and a rather bulky envelope was mailed, bearing the address of the pastor of one of the largest and wealthiest churches of an eastern city.

* * * * *

Dr. Weston, in comfortable dressing gown and slippers, sat by a cheery wood fire as his house-maid brought in the morning's mail. Something in the appearance of one envelope led him to select it as the first to be opened. Its contents were as follows:

DEAR DR. WESTON:

Of course you remember my mother, because it is you who married her. We're trying to keep on with the work she loved so much out here in Nebraska. It takes so much money just to keep warm out here, that we have very little left for clothes and food. I can't earn much because of my back, and I don't think father can spare any of his salary to send east, because it comes so slow now that we owe it nearly all, sometimes more, before we get it. But you mustn't think we don't suffer with you. The papers tell us about the hard times, and that you, who have always given God the money for the work we are doing for Him out here, are suffering from these hard times yourself so that you have nothing to give. It is hard to have nothing to give to God—I was glad when I had decided that he should have my mother's ring. I suppose you know how it hurts to give up what you love the best—even to God, for His work; but I kept thinking, "I guess Dr. Weston's congregation is as poor as ours, now it is hard times; maybe they can't even get medicine for their sick children; and if his salary is slow in coming he can sell this ring; perhaps he can spare some of the money it brings like father did to buy the medicine for Mary Schaeffer—or perhaps it'll get coal enough to heat his church for one or two meetings, so his folks can get together again and pray for better times." You are so welcome to it—I'll miss it at night when I fall asleep—it seemed like touching mother's hand when I put it to my lips—but I haven't anything else to send. The box didn't come last year, and our clothes are too old to do any one any good; our quilts aren't worth sending you, they are made of newspapers sewed onto the old linings. I did hope that box would have had some pretty clothes for Edith and my step-mother and some Sabbath white dresses for the twins, but we mustn't think about such things when our friends east are suffering, as we are, for food and coal. Please let me know what good you did with the ring —I think it will comfort me at nights to think about its helping God's work along.

I am Your brother in Christ,

HAROLD TOMSEN.

P. S.—The Secretary signs his letters that way—and as we are all members one of another and of the body of Christ, suffering together now, it sounded better than "yours

respectfully."

There seemed to have been a western cyclone enclosed in that letter! Dr. Weston went down before it on his knees; it swept through the frescoed softly cushioned church the next Sabbath, penetrating into closed pockets and clasped purses,—yes, and cutting, like the driven sleet, into hearts that self-gratification had hitherto made impervious to appeal.

"Brothers in Christ!"—The unselfish sympathy of that boyish heart made the little trip to Florida a questionable indulgence, shamed the longing for a bicycle into a free-will offering, kept the caramel box empty and the unnecessary "love of a bonnet" still in the milliner's window. Aye, more than these. "Neither will I offer unto the Lord of that which has cost me nothing"—the flavor of a child's sacrifice stole into many hearts, and brought tears and real self-denial with their offerings to the Board, and the box—the wonderful box, full to overflowing of pretty things for that little western home—a lovely oil painting from one girl's bedroom, some choice books from a boy's shelf of favorites, toys lovingly given by little children, warm bedding and snowy table linen, overcoats and fur caps to baffle the north wind's efforts; underclothes, dresses and suits, even the forethought for the coming summer of a white dress with lace on it—such as the old Doctor remembered his mother wearing on that long-ago day when she gave herself to God—and which proved just the thing for that Thanksgivtng entertainment.

Tenderest thought of all, tucked into the vest pocket of a warm suit for Harold was a shining gold ring, and these words:

DEAR BOY:

God gave Isaac back to Abraham after he had in his heart made him a sacrifice unto the Lord. So he sends you back your ring. It is too precious to be in any one's keeping but yours. It has done more for the souls of my people than all my years of preaching have accomplished; it has made me more like Jesus Christ. You made a *gift*, God only wanted a *loan*. He has used it, and bids me send it back to you.

God bless you! I am proud to sign myself

Your brother in Christ,

JAMES FREEMAN WESTON.

—*Lutheran Leaflet.*

SKETCH OF CITY MISSION WORK.

BY MRS. HELEN C. GORDON.

AS I stood by our sitting-room window this afternoon going over in my mind the work of past years and recalling some of its varied experiences as a city missionary, it presented to my mind's eye a wonderful contrast to the scene upon which the natural eye was then resting. Let me as briefly as possible describe the two pictures.

1. Shedd, Oregon, a little country town of about 200 inhabitants, all in comfortable homes; three churches, the school house a few stores, the post office and *no saloon*; the surrounding country very level, part of it well timbered and good farm land. Looking east Mt. Jefferson and Hood's snow-capped peaks rise in the distance and are quite discernable on a clear day—a pleasing picture and one suggestive of the quiet, yet happy and prosperous condition of its people.

2. A poor locality in San Francisco (and there are many of them in this great city with its teeming multitudes of over 300,000 people); narrow filthy streets full of boys and girls ragged and dirty, the homes built so close to one another that it is impossible for either light or fresh air to reach more than the front room of the house. Every block (or from one street to the next) has from one to six saloons, and about the doors of these stand men and boys of all ages more or less intoxicated, smoking or chewing, using the vilest language and often fighting and quarreling. Men and boys,

did I say? Yes, but see; who is this making her way to the nearest saloon leading a little child with one hand while she tries to conceal a tin pail under her apron with the other? It is a girl of tender years with a pitcher of foaming liquid, pushing her way past the men and boys about the door. Then look a little further and behold an old decrepid woman tottering with the help of a cane, while rushing past her is a child of six, both bound on the same errand. A sad picture, you say, suggestive of ignorance, poverty, sin and wretchedness—a community living in almost as much darkness spiritually as those in Africa.

Why is it? Where is the Christian minister, the Sabbath-school teacher, the Christian mother, the Endeavorer, Epworth Leaguer and others? All busy. The minister has already more pastoral duties than he can well attend to, the Sabbath-school teacher, Endeavorer and Epworth Leaguer is either in school, store, office or workshop the whole week round, and the Christian mother finds that her home, church and social duties leave very little time for anything additional. What is to be done? Rather let me tell you what is being done and I am sure you will say God speed the good work, and by your gifts, as well as prayers, do your utmost to help it along.

Women missionaries are supported by our Women's Board and are spending part of their time in just such localities as I have described. Our churches in San Francisco presbytery, where I labored for seven years, did not happen to be located in these neighborhoods; so it was only as I took a day occasionally to visit this class that I came in personal contact with them; but, I am glad to say, there are mission houses in some of these places and earnest consecrated men and women spending their whole time among the people. A canvas is made of every house, a kind word spoken, an invitation to a mother's meeting, a gospel service or Sabbath-school given; the Bible is often read in the homes and tracts and religious papers distributed. I have had some interesting experiences among these people, and as I have been asked to give some in this paper will cite the following.

One day I had gathered a number of children about me and was giving them each a picture card with some Bible verse on it when suddenly a door near by was opened and a woman's angry voice called to me, "Don't give my boy any of your old trash. I wont have it in my house. Give it back to her, Mike," and, as the little fellow reluctantly obeyed, she disappeared slamming the door behind her.

All my experiences however were not so unpleasant or discouraging. Here is an interesting case. I had gotten a mother's consent to send her two boys to our Sabbath-school, and for a few weeks they came quite regularly, but one Sabbath I missed them and called to see why it was. One of the boys seeing me coming ran to meet me saying, "Oh, wont you ask Papa to let us come back to your school? He wont let Joe and me come any more." In speaking with the mother about it she said her husband had strictly forbidden her sending the boys again. I felt very sorry, but did not see what could be done. Not long after this Louie came to my room and asked if I would teach him, "Our Father which art in heaven prayer." I gave him a copy of it, going over it several times with him. He said he wanted to say it every day. I also gave him some cards and papers, remarking that his mamma would read them to him, whereupon he looked at me with surprise, saying, "Why! mamma can't read as well as I can."

A week or so after this I learned that the baby was sick and went to call. I found it a very sick child asleep on its mother's lap. Holding out a bottle to me, she said, "My husband has brought some medicine and as soon as she wakens I mean to give her some." I took the bottle and saw that it was marked *poison*, and said, "This is not what you are going to give your baby? It is *poison*." "Oh no!" she said, "my husband just brought it. Are you sure it is *poison*?" I told her it was so marked on the bottle and began looking round for the medicine, which I found on the shelf where the husband had put it, no doubt thinking *it* was poison. The poor mother could not be

thankful enough to me, but I told her she should thank God who had sent me in at the right time. Before I left her husband came in and when we told him of the narrow escape the child had had he too expressed his thanks. I took the opportunity to ask him to let the boys come back to our Sabbath-school and he gave his consent, and from that time they continued to come and are still in our school, or were when I left a year ago. I might tell of others who were thus gathered in and are now members of the church and active members of our Young People's societies, but probably this article is long enough.

It might be of interest, however, to know that at one time in our Alameda Sabbath-school we had 79 mission scholars to ten from our own families. Often clothing has to be provided before the children can attend Sabbath-school or the mother the church, and very often food has to be taken and medicine for the sick.

The work of the city missionary is greatly needed, and I am thankful our Board is able to support so many; but, oh! there is still so much to be done among the poor and needy, and there always will be: for has not the Saviour said, "The poor ye have with you always," "To the poor the gospel is to be preached," and "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren ye have done it unto me?"

Let us show our love and gratitude to God for all His mercies to us by relieving the bodily wants aud ministering to the spiritual needs of those about us.

Shedd, Oregon.

ISRAEL DEPARTMENT.

Behold I have graven thee upon the palms of my hands; thy walls are continually before me.—Is. 9,16.

By Thomas M. Chalmers.

I will establish my covenant between me and thee and thy seed after thee in their generations for *an everlasting covenant.*—Gen. 17:7.—*The everlasting nation.* Isa. 44:7. (*Hebrew*).

On the threshold of the new century it will be well to recall the imperishable character of the covenant people Israel. The years come and go, centuries and milleniums pass away, but the people of Israel and God's covenant with them are everlasting. Other nations perish but Israel endures. No persecution can destroy them. I am the Lord, I change not; therefore ye sons of Jacob are not consumed." Mal. 3:6. Egypt, Phenicia, Babylon have returned to dust, the glory of Greece and Rome have passed away, but this people of Israel faces the new century with new hope and reviving energy unknown among them since Jerusalem fell 1830 years ago.

God purposes of redemption for earth's dying nations has linked Israel in inseparable connection with the outworking of this redemption. The century which has just gone from us will remain ever memorable for its marvelous initial fulfilment of many prophecies concerning Israel. And if God's watchers have correctly read the signs that fill the skies today, the new century will see the plenary fulfilment of those immense predictions around which cluster the hopes of Abraham's race. Then the thousand years of earth's blessedness will be fully ushered in, and all nations will be saved.

The work for Israel must go on. It is the most difficult work in the world. The gospel campaign in behalf of the Jews is the most fiercely contested in all history. Satan knows that when he loses Israel he loses the world. We state a paradox in saying that gospel work among the Jews is the most hopeless and most hopeful of all mission work. It bristles with difficulties, but God's Word glistens with promises concerning it. It may be fruitless at first, but so is all difficult work. How many years have the workers waited for fruit in every mis-

sion field! Judson toiled six years for his first convert, but how rich was the later fruitage! Theodore Meyer preached seventeen years to his Jewish brethren before seeing the reward of his first convert. A devoted Christian woman prayed eighteen years for the rabbi of Kischineff, Russia, and then saw him baptized and become an earnest preacher of Christ. Oh, that the Christian church would ponder the teachings of the Word concerning the rich blessing that awaits the world when Israel is brought in, and so be stimulated to spend largely and endure much to give the gospel to the Jew. Every sign indicates the near approach of Israel's time of blessing. No work for Christ will pay so richly as the evangelizing of the Jews. The past history of Jewish missions proves it true.

Now is the time to push this work Over 53,000 Jews came to America in the year 1900. More than one million Jews dwell under our flag. Very few of them ever enter a church. Multitudes of them are turning their backs on the Bible and the synagogue and joining the ranks of infidelity. Now is the time to give them the gospel. The hundred thousand Jews of Chicago are not being reached. With present facilities they cannot be. But with more helpers many thousands more might hear the truth, and many souls would be saved. We note changes already in the attitude of many toward Jesus Christ. Why may not God gather here to himself several thousand Jews, and so shake the Jewish infidelity and unbelief of the great West? We are praying and preaching and working for a mighty victory through Christ over this stronghold of Satan. Help, my sisters, help!

Many questions about the Jews are asked us from time to time, and we have concluded to answer some of these in the columns of this *Magazine* that others also may learn. It is a fact that Christian people are less informed about the Jews and Jewish mission work than about any other people and mission work in the world. It may not be easy to say just why this should be so, but the words of the prophet are still true, "This is Zion, whom no man seeketh after."

1. Do the Jews yet look for a king to come and reign in Jerusalem?—There are two great divisions, religiously, of the Jewish people, the Orthodox and Reformed. The latter no longer look for a Messiah, or the return to Palestine. The Orthodox, who constitute the great mass of the Jews, believe in the return to Palestine, and hope for a great king of David's line to rule over them in Jerusalem and to subdue the whole world. But this Messiah-King will be only a great general, will make no atonement for sin, and will die after a prolonged reign, leaving the throne to his sons.

BABISM.

It is a saddening and disheartening as well as an exasperating thought that many who feel themselves too logical, too cultivated, to accept the clear Gospel of Christ should with enthusiasm receive doctrines the most preposterous or revolting. The development of Babism in the United States seems the climax of absurdity and profanity. That our readers may understand something of this fantastic belief, we quote from The Advance:

Babism is a reformed Mohammedanism with some features which resemble Christianity, and the Babis, as the Rev. Isaac Adams calls them in his recent book on Persia, claim that they have 50,000,000 followers, ten thousand of whom are in the United States. There are 1,200 Babis believers in New York city and 800 in Chicago, not all of them of foreign birth, for since the time of the Columbian Exposition and the Religious Congress in Chicago numbers of native Americans, some of them persons of wealth and prominence, have adopted this strange faith. These American disciples of Babism do not want to be known as the disciples of a Mohammedan sect, but when the history of Babism is traced that is just what they are. The Mohammedan religion of to-day is divided into many different sects, and Babism is one of

them. The founder of this variation of Mohammedism was Mirza Ali Mohammed, who brought his views to public notice in Persia about the year 1843. He did not attack the doctrines of Islam, and he made a pilgrimage to Mecca like any good follower of the Prophet, but he wished to reform Mohammedan practices, and was the advocate of pure morality. He has had a number of successors who have taught his doctrines, and enlarged on them, but we wish to speak of a man who is extravagantly admired by the Babis of the United States, and who is even worshipped by them as a

MODERN MESSIAH.

This is Abbas Effendi, to see and worship whom American Babis have made pilgrimages to Acca, for they claim that he is the Son of God. He is a man of singular beauty of countenance, and he plays the role of Messiah in a very graceful and gracious manner, being very attractive to women in search of new religious sensations, and there are many such in each generation. Dr. Kheiralla, a leading teacher of Babism in the United States, who has a circle of followers in Kenosha, Wis., has turned the attention of his American followers towards this attractive Oriental, and a number of them have made devout pilgrimages to Acca, the Holy City of the new cult, to bow in adoration before the "Master," as they call this pseudo-Messiah. He is married, and his wife is called the "Greatest Holy Leaf." He has daughters, and by parity of language they should be called "Holy Buds." Let us visit this Bab Messiah in company with certain American pilgrims from Chicago, and let us prepare to be astonished by an exhibition of religious hysterics such as almost passes belief.

One visitation to this Persian Messiah on March 22, 1900, became a parody on the Lord's Supper, although that may not have been the intention of the chief actor. He sat on a couch, laid the head of one of his admiring disciples on his shoulder, and talked to his American followers in a loving but authorative manner. Then he sent for some bread and a syrup, made from the juice of pomegranates, which was placed before him on a low table, and this is what took place, according to the testimony of a lady who reveres him as her Master:

"Our Master took the bread and breaking it dipped it into syrup and give a piece to Mr. Gretsinger, another to me, and took one himself; then told us to eat it, —which we did,—it tasted most delicious, after which He, smilingly sweetly said: 'Now I send you out into the world to give to the hungry souls who are seeking to know their God—the Bread of Life, which is the Word of God, and to show them how sweet is the Water of Life, which is faith in God.'"

This new faith, like the Brahmo-Somaj in India, has adopted some of the doctrines and language of Christianity, and so its close relation to Mohammedanism is not evident to those who do not trace it back to its beginnings. So it has been and is with various faiths, including Mohammedanism itself, when they first present themselves to win public favor they are clad in patch-work garments part of the materials being good and true, taken from the Hebrew and Christian Scriptures,. Spiritism, Mormonism, and other blighting isms adopt the Bible and add new revelations to it, which are new and marring patches on the old and indestructible robe of Truth.

THE ADORATION OF LUA.

That we may not be accused of exaggeration in saying that Americans—at least a few of them—have found a new Messiah to worship, let us submit the testimony of two women, one of them perhaps the richest woman in the United States. But let another woman speak first, who visited Abbas Effendi about eighteen months ago. She says:

"We entered the garden, ascended one flight of stairs, and were shown into the hall or reception room, where we removed our wraps, and were welcomed by the uncle, who told us to pass into the next room. Dr. Kheiralla went ahead, and by the violent beating of my heart I knew that we were soon to see the blessed face of the Prince of the House of David, the King of the whole world. We reached the door and stopped—before us in the center of the room stood a man clad in a long garment with a white turban on His head, stretching out one hand towards us, while His face (which I cannot describe) was lighted by a rare, sweet smile of joy and welcome! We stood thus for a moment unable to move—when my heart gave a throb and, scarcely knowing what I was doing, I held out my arms crying, 'My Lord, My Lord,' and rushed to Him kneeling at His blessed feet, sobbing like a child. He put His dear hands upon our beloved heads and said, in a voice that seemed to our ears like a strain of sweet music, 'Welcome, welcome, my dear children, you are welcome; arise and be of good cheer.'"

Truly there is yet faith on earth, or rather, let us call it credulity, when a handsome Persian, who seems to believe it himself or at least plays the part very well, is worshipped as the Son of God.

MRS. PHOEBE A. HEARST AN ABBAS.

It might be thought that a woman like Mrs. Phoebe A. Hearst, who has so many millions of dollars at her command, a woman, it may be presumed, of good business judgment and sound common sense, would not easily be carried away into fanaticism, but she also is a worshiper at the shrine of the Bab Messiah. She says in a letter dated Washington, Nov. 19th 1899:

"The Master I will not attempt to describe;

I will only state that I believe with all my heart that He is the Master, and my greatest blessing in this world is that I have been privileged to be in His presence and look upon His sanctified face. His life is truly the Christ life and His whole being radiates purity and holiness!

"Without a doubt Abbas Effendi is the Messiah of this day and generation, and we need not look for another."

In a letter written to a gentleman in Chicago she uses similar language, saying,

"I believe in Him with all my heart and soul, and I hope that all who call themselves Believers will concede to Him all the greatness, all the glory, and all the praise, for surely He is the Son of God—and 'The Spirit of the Father abideth in Him.'"

Thank-Offering Department.

KEY NOTE—"We will show forth the praises of the Lord to all generations."

A TWENTIETH CENTURY THANK-OFFERING

—OF—

$75,000 FOR MISSIONS!

Our Watchford for 1901:

Less of Self—More of Christ.

Is It Nothing To You.

Is it nothing to you, O ye Christians,
That in India's far away land
There are thousands of people pleading,
For the touch of a Saviour's hand?
They are groping and trying to find Him,
And although He is ready to save,
Eight hundred precious souls each hour
Sink into Christless graves!

Is it nothing to you, O ye Christians,
That Africa walks in night?
That Christians at home deny them
The blessed Gospel light?
Is it nothing to you, O ye Christians?
Dare ye say ye have naught to do?
All over the world they wait for light;
And is it nothing to you?

Is it nothing to you, O ye Christians?
Will you pass by and say,
It is *nothing we* cannot aid them!
When you can *give* or *go* or pray?
You can save your souls from blood guiltiness,
For in lands you never trod
The heathen are dying every day
And dying without a God.

—*Selected.*

A Thank-offering Message.

The century just closed has given to the women of America more blessings, more exalted privileges and greater opportunities for serving their Lord and Master than all previous centuries combined. And who but the Lord has been the Giver? In due recognition of God's goodness should not the entire women membership of our United Presbyterian church prove their gratitude to Him by giving into His treasury at the annual convention of the Women's General Missionary Society, to be held next May in Monmouth, Illinois, the largest Thank-offering they have ever given?

Each year the General Assembly places additional mission work in the care of the women of the church, thus enlarging our responsibilities. For this work no appropriation is made; hence the greater need of increased contributions and Thank-offerings being paid into the treasury of the Women's Board. The latter part of March being the usual time for the "Ingathering" offerings by congregational societies, there is but little time left for further efforts toward raising the $75,000 asked for. Yet there is much work to be done. Who can help us?

1. Presbyterial Thank-offering secretaries. How? By personally visiting or writing to each congregational society in the Presbytery to plan for observing "Ingathering Day" with double the enthusiasm, double the attendance and double the offerings of any previous year.

2. Pastors. How? By presenting to

their people on the Sabbath previous to the "Ingathering" the call of God to give sacrifices of thanksgiving" unto Him. (Mission congregations will be supplied with copies of the Scripture Responsive Services—"Crown of Thanksgiving" or "God's Gifts—Our Gratitude," free of cost for Ingathering Day by sending orders to 920 Penn Ave., Pittsburg, Pa.)

3. Congregational Thank-offering secretaries or Committees. How? By presenting the urgent need of liberal offerings to the women membership of the congregation either by personal visits or through circular letters sent out early in February, by preparing an attractive program for the Ingathering and enclosing a Thank-offering envelope in each invitation to attend. (Envelopes can be procured free of cost.)

The great importance of earnest, active *personal work* in connection with the raising of $75,000 as our Twentieth Century Thank-offering cannot be overestimated. The best of plans may be made and earnest efforts put forth by your Women's Board by your Presbyterial officers and by your Thank-offering secretary, yet these will accomplish comparatively little good *unless aided by the direct personal work of the members of congregational societies.*

The Magazine Committee has nobly done its part in connection with the Twentieth Century Offering by enlarging each issue of the Magazine four pages and by allowing these to be devoted to the interests of the $75,000 fund. Each month, since the July number, helpful articles have been given from the pens of some of the most active workers in the church, these taking the place of the leaflets which were recommended to be sent out by the Presbyterial secretaries. It was hoped that thus they might be read by more of the women of the church than if sent out in the form of leaflets.

How many of the delegates who promised at the Pawnee convention to each try to secure ten new subscribers to the Magazine to help meet the extra expense incurred by adding the four pages have kept their promise? *How many?*

During the latter part of January the annual circular letter, with sample copies of Responsive Services for the Ingathering, will be mailed to the presidents of societies, and to congregations having no such organizations these will be sent in care of the pastors. If any congregation fails to receive the above promptly notify the writer. Early in February a new leaflet entitled, "The Thank-offering Question Box Opened," will be sent to presidents of societies for free distribution. Will presidents kindly have these sent out to the women of their congregations as *promptly as possible* in order to have the entire work of Thank-offering department of the Women's Board made plain to the givers of offerings.

Dear sisters of our beloved United Presbyterian church, will you not each one do your full part in *praying*, in *working* and in *giving* to make this first offering of the New Century one that will be most acceptable to our God, and one which He will bless to the advancement of His Kingdom?

Yours truly,

MRS. MARY CLOKEY PORTER,
Thank-offering Secretary.

Allegheny, Pa., Jan., 1 1901.

How Much Do I Owe

I was especially impressed by this question as it was asked a number of times by those desiring to pay their dues, at our last missionary meeting. The thought occurred to me that it would be well for us always, before casting our gifts into the Lord's treasury, to ponder carefully the words; "*How much do I owe?*" Looking upon this merely as question with reference to the amount we must pay as members of the society to which we belong, it is easily answered. But considering it as *we* ought, in the deeper, fuller sense of how much we owe to the dear Redeemer, in obedience to whose command we have organized our societies, how shall we answer it? *We* have been *redeemed* not with "corruptible things, as silver and gold, but with the *precious blood of Christ*!"

He laid down His life for us that we, through Him, might live." "Yea," He says "I have loved thee with an *everlasting* love,

therefore, with loving kindness have I drawn thee." "I even I, am He that blotteth out thy transgressions for *mine own sake.* I have *redeemed*; I have called thee by thy name; *thou art mine.*" And what shall *we* render unto *Him*? *How much do we owe* for this wondrous love that *passeth knowledge*?" Surely *such* love demands *continually* of the "sacrifice of praise," the *unceasing* expression of gratitude from our hearts. And how shall we answer the dear Saviour's call to send the "glad tidings" of salvation through Him "unto the uttermost parts of the earth?" Can we *refuse to give according to our ability?* Can we still go on seeking *first* the gratification of *our own selfish ends*, and *then* take a *little* that we will *not miss* and lay it at Jesus' feet saying, "Lord, accept *this as Thine for the spreading of the Gospel?*" Oh, *can* we be *so unmindful* of the debt we owe to Him "Who hath loved us and washed us from sin in *His own blood*?" How *unspeakably* precious is the story of the cross to *us*! Having learned from it the way to our Father's home in Heaven, what constant joy and peace and rest we find in that way! Oh, then let us not in our *exceeding selfishness* withhold this sweet story from those who *have heard it not*, but "freely" as we have "received" let us "freely give," ever remembering the words of the Lord Jesus, how he said, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, ye did it unto *me*.'—*Presbyterian Leaflet.*

As Poor, Yet Making Many Rich.

(Published in the interest of the Weekly Prayer Calendar prepared by the committee appointed at the Pawnee Convention and being sent out free by the Literature Secretary of the Women's Board.)

The president and the treasurer of a missionary society sat together one afternoon, discussing methods of interesting those ladies in their church who hitherto had received, with easy indifference, all invitations to attend missionary meetings or contribute to the cause. They had often studied the church lists, and the treasurer sighed again as she contrasted the membership of the society with the number of the church members who never gave the cause of missions a second thought. Thirty-five out of one hundred and ninety women was a very small proportion.

I am convinced, said Mrs. Robinson, the president, 'that the best way to reach them is by individual effort. I seldom make a call on one who does not belong to the society without contriving to invite her to join us. I tell her how gladly we would welcome her, and that we really need her. It often has an effect, though in the most cases it makes small difference. I may not be the right one to approach many of our ladies. Some one else might succeed better. I wish every one of our thirty-five would make it her business to try, and would persist in trying. I believe we would be astonished at the results.'

'You suggested that I ask Mrs. Norton,' said Mrs. Winthrop. 'I wish you didn't think it my duty. I am afraid of her. She is so sharp on our failings that when I am with her my own short-comings seem painfully conspicuous.'

'I often think her peculiar ways are really a cloak to cover her extreme sensitiveness about her poverty,' replied Mrs. Robinson. 'I know she respects you and considers you her friend. For that reason you are the one to ask her. And when you speak to her don't think of yourself. It is our Saviour's work we want to do, and if we undertake it for His sake he will teach us to say the right thing, and will give success where we least look for it.'

A few days later found Mrs. Winthrop in Mrs. Norton's small parlor. After some conversation she spoke of her hope that Mrs. Norton would take an interest in missions, explaining that she was trying to secure new members, the work was growing so, and she could not feel satisfied until each woman in the church took a share in the enterprise.

'I'm afraid you never will be satisfied, then, remarked Mrs. Norton, coldly. 'I rather think you have undertaken a pretty up-hill job. It may be all very well for people who have plenty of money and never miss what they give, but I stay away because in my circumstances I never can give anything.

I can't say that I care much for missions anyway, but it isn't pleasant to go where I'd be looked down upon.'

'Dear Mrs. Norton, you mistake,' earnestly replied the visitor. 'We want money, it is true, but we only ask each to give according to her circumstances. If it is so that you can give no money—and you know best about that—it will be all right. But you can give your influence and your prayers.'

'H'm! my influence wouldn't amount to much. I never interest myself in missions because I am so situated. You know all about me, Mrs. Winthrop. I try to be honest, and I won't go in debt, but I have to practice the most rigid economy. Twenty-five cents a week will buy all the meat I can afford, and everything else is on the same scale. I can't be lavish, can I? Now what use is there in my going to missionary meetings, and what good could I do there? I sometimes feel downright bitter about it. Oh, yes. I often think how nice it would be if I could put my hand in my pocket and give every now and then without missing it, but I'll never see that day. If the Lord had meant me to be a church-worker He would have given me more means. That's good doctrine, isn't it? No, you'll have to excuse me.'

'Silver and gold have I none, but such as I have I give unto thee,' softly quoted Mrs. Winthrop. 'I don't believe you are any poorer in worldly goods than Peter was. If he had refused to help the lame man because he had no money what an opportunity he would have lost, and how we would have missed that beautiful lesson. You don't know how it comforts me to read that not many mighty, not many noble or wise are called, but God has chosen the humble and weak and foolish to do His work. I suppose it is because they realize their own weakness sooner, and so depend more on God. I believe, too, it describes us women especially. It is what gives me courage. Besides. you know He has chosen the poor of this world, rich in faith.'

'Rich in faith?' thought Mrs. Norton; 'then I've missed part of my riches.'

'If we are rich in faith,' continued Mrs. Winthrop, 'what is there we cannot do? I don't mean to give you up. We need you. Of course you pray every day?'

'Well, yes, I suppose so; at least I aim to,' was the somewhat grim response. Mrs. Norton thought Mrs. Winthrop was beginning to be too personal, and resented it slightly, though the recollections of instances when prayer had seemed almost a waste of time troubled her.

'I know you do,' said sweet Mrs. Winthrop in reverent tones. 'How could we bear life's trials and trust God to supply our wants if we did not look to him in daily prayer?'

Mrs. Norton felt disturbed. She trusted God to supply her wants? She had instead repined because He had not given her a few luxuries.

Mrs. Winthrop added, 'I want you to promise me something. I know you can do it, very likely you do now without my asking. You will pardon me, I know, for we need it so much; and I am sure you will be happier to be of use. It would be a great help if you would promise to pray every day for our society, and for the missionaries who are sent out by our Board. Won't you do this? You know you may accomplish more in this way than the richest woman in our church can when she gives only money.'

Mrs. Norton could not understand the feeling that swept over her as this request greeted her ears. She did not remember that she had ever prayed particularly for missions, though it would not have cost her anything. Why had she neglected to do so? Conscience smitten, she looked into the sincere eyes of her visitor, and replied: 'Yes, I promise you. But don't count on anything great. My prayers, I am afraid, won't be as much as you seem to think.'

'Thank you very much. It is a promise that you never can regret.'

And as Mrs. Winthrop arose to go she appeared to be as glad as if she had received a contribution as large as Mrs. Norton's yearly income.

After her friend had gone Mrs. Norton sat thinking, thinking. It seemed to her that a mist had been lifted from her vision,

and she could see herself as never before. Instead of using any grace that she might have received, had she not folded her hands in ungrateful idleness? She had allowed her heart to harden towards others, hindering, perhaps, instead of helping in any Christian work.

'My influence!' said she. 'If I have any, with God's help it shall be used for Him for the rest of my life.'

Soon after this conversation she called on Mrs. Winthrop and said, 'I find if I am to pray for missionaries I must know a little about them. Perhaps you could lend me some missionary magazines. I ought to find out what they are doing.'

This was gratifying progress, and the request was promptly granted. Neither was Mrs. Winthrop surprised when at the next meeting she saw Mrs. Norton walk in and seat herself at one side of the room, where she remained during the hour, thoughtful and attentive.

'I found I needed to know about the society as well as the missionaries,' she explained as she walked home.

'I was glad to hear Mrs. Robinson pray for those in our church who do not care for missions. I think I am beginning to care.'

As Mrs. Norton prayed for missionaries in general she began to take a personal interest in some that she read about. She singled out one here, and another there, who appeared to be at posts of much difficulty and responsibility. Now it was for one in a famine-stricken district; again she remembered some who were surrounded by cholera; at another time she shed tears for a young mother whose little boy had been laid away to sleep in a foreign soil; her heart followed teachers as they patiently instructed ignorant girls who came to them; very many of these unknown missionaries became as dear friends as day after day she prayed for them.

These new interests lifted her away from her petty cares that had absorbed her thoughts, and unconsciously to herself she was growing in grace.

One young missionary, Miss Emily Gordon, became more a subject of thought than others, probably because of her name. Years ago Mrs. Norton's little daughter Emily had been laid in her grave, and the lonely mother had ever since borne about an aching sorrow that time could not remove. As some word about Miss Gordon caught her eye now and then, she would think, 'Perhaps my Emily would have done just so if she had lived.' She resolved to pray for this Emily, whom she had never seen, as if she were indeed her own dear child. This she did in addition to the others for whom she daily invoked God's blessings. As she busied herself about her homely duties the petition often ascended, 'Now, dear Father, perhaps just now she needs help and wisdom. Protect and bless her.'

The stern lines about her mouth softened. People wondered what had come over Mrs. Norton. She had ceased to entertain rebellious thoughts about her poverty; her voice took a more sympathetic tone; criticism and complaint never passed her lips. She thought with contrition, 'If God has been so patient with my folly I ought to be ashamed to find fault with anyone.'

Occasionally a new member joined the society, through her invitation. One of these said to Mrs. Winthrop: 'Mrs. Norton could not seem to understand any excuse I had to offer. She said she was sure I would begin, as she had been praying about me. So I had to come, especially when I couldn't help knowing how the dear woman must deny herself to give even ten cents. It is an example for everybody.'

Some who had given carelessly were led by her quiet example to adopt a higher and better rule by which they offered their gifts; and the society grew in spiritual graces, while the enlarged treasury gladdened the eyes of Mrs. Winthrop.

One spring Mrs. Norton attended a Presbyterial meeting. To her surprise, Miss Emily Gordon was present as a speaker. In her address she referred to a time when she and another missionary were in great danger of losing their lives. She said that through those hours her heart was tranquil, and she could only account for this unusual state of calm by the profound conviction that some

one was praying for her.

The impression was deepened when she saw the remarkable providence through which they were rescued. She wanted to thank anyone there who might have been in the habit of praying for missionaries, and she would ask all, over and over again, to remember them whenever they knelt to pray; for missionaries leaned on the prayers of friends at home more than any one could tell.

Mrs. Norton, in her humility, had not looked for such answers to her prayers as this would indicate. It might be that others had been praying at that time for this dear Miss Gordon, but she had helped! This thought brought a new light to her eyes, and a flash of joy illumined her pale face, as if an angel had passed by with radiant presence, leaving traces of the heavenly brightness with her as a token of the Father's love that had enriched her obscure life.—*American Messenger.*

Editorial.

To Rev. R. J. Miller, D. D. we are indebted for the picture of Mr. Antoszewski and his family. This gentleman is the one having charge of the United Presbyterian Polish mission in Pittsburgh, of which Dr. Miller writes in this issue.

It is hoped that the women of the church are making use of the Prayer Calendar which has been very carefully prepared for them. God has given a special promise to those who *agree* in prayer.

The Local Executive committee for the General Convention of 1901 has suffered a loss in the death of Mrs. J. B. Herbert, who passed away on Dec. 28, 1900. Mrs. Jennie Logue Campbell, of Monmouth, Ill. writes: "Mrs. Herbert was a very attractive Christian lady, greatly beloved by all who knew her. Her death leaves a large vacancy in the social circle, but specially in the church, the Sabbath-school and the missionary society." Mrs. H. R. Moffat has been appointed to fill the vacant place on the local committee.

In the January MAGAZINE, the story "A Holiday Innovation" was credited correctly to the *Christian Endeavor World*, but the name of the author was omitted. It was written by Rose M. Wood-Allen. We regret this oversight, for it is our conviction that the name of the writer should be attached to every quoted article. Due credit may then be given to the one who has done the work. This is simply an act of justice. The story under consideration was adopted from the original article.

Some of the congregational societies are using the preliminary studies suggested by the committee having charge of the Interdenominational Missionary Study. It is the intention of the Magazine Committee to enter upon this plan as soon as the regular course is ready. In the meanwhile, for several reasons, it seems wisest for us to follow the arrangement already made for the earlier months of 1901.

Probably all our readers have heard of Yiddish (Judisch), that strange composite language used by the Jews in many lands. Many, perhaps all, of the Israelites are taught to pronounce the Hebrew words used in their synagogue service, but comparatively few of them can translate it. A great deal of ignorance prevails among them even with regard to the contents of that portion of Scripture which the Hebrews recognize as coming from God. A translation of the whole Bible into Yiddish has lately been accomplished by Mr. Marcus Bergmann of the

London City Mission. "The entrance of Thy word giveth light." May this be the means of opening the minds and hearts of many of the Hebrews to that Christ who is clearly prefigured in the Old Testament and faithfully portrayed in the New!

Dr. Sophie Johnson seems to belong so much to the whole church that the fact of her being supported by Westmoreland Presbyterial society is sometimes forgotten. We have been sent a letter written by Dr. Johnson to that society, and some extracts from this communication will, we are sure, be of interest to our readers. As our columns are somewhat crowded, part of the editorial space will be given up for this purpose. Dr. Johnson wrote from her vessel brought to a stand still in the Suez canal and gives a pretty pen picture of a visit to the town of Hailsham in England.

Hailsham is a pretty little country town about two hours run by rail from London to which it is directly south and six miles from Eastbourn a large fashionable seaside resort and daily visited by cyclists from all parts. Our boarding house faced the recreation ground of the town which is an immense green lawn with a fence around it.

On our arrival there Saturday afternoon we saw a great crowd at the recreation grounds and were told that a cricketing match was on; but that evening when all was quiet we saw a huckster's wagon being drawn to the middle of this ground and benches placed near it and were told that this preparation was for the Sabbath, when in the afternoon the rector would stand in that wagon and address the people in aid of the Princess Alice Hospital and that a collection would be taken and that this would close the third and last meeting of the season.

That Sabbath afternoon, long before the service began, the people of the town gathered from all direction,s the old and the young—men, women and children. Even babies in perambulators with their mothers and nurses were present in their best dresses, looking so nice and neat. Then came the sound of music; it was the Fire Brigade of the town in uniform, with their brass band marching on to the recreation ground, the rector with his family and a great crowd following, but all so quietly and orderly that there was no confusion.

Finally the rector and his curate took their stand on the wagon, followed by the village blacksmith and carpenter, and now the meeting opened with the singing of the 100th Psalm, led by the band of the Fire Brigade. All joined in raising a glorious anthem of praise. The carpenter made the opening prayer and the blacksmith read the lesson for the day in Matt. 25:31-46. It was a reading with understanding. The man knew his Bible; his soul was full of it.

The rector now offered a prayer and read Rom. 12, chosing for his text the 8th verse, «He that giveth let him do it with liberality.» He gave a brief account of the Princes Alice Hospital, named from one of the daughters of good Queen Victoria, who in her life time was well known for her kind deeds for the poor and suffering ones. He enlarged on the idea of

COMMUNITY.

what it is, what it claims, what its duties, opportunities and privileges are, and brought in the idea of Christian Community and what it should do for the Hospital, which has done so much for the poor sufferers of Hailsham and the adjoining towns and which is dependent on the public for its support.

The rector now gave an account of what had already been done by the people of Hailsham and asked that the amount this year should be raised to £200. Just then the band struck up and the congregation joined in singing, «Onward Christian Soldiers,» while the collectors with their badges on and bags in hand started out to do their duty. Boys and girls, men and women, were all engaged in it, and the cheering, liberal response of the people showed the rector's request met with success, and the meeting closed with singing, «Praise God from Whom all Blessings Flow,» and the people walked home quietly and in order remembering the Sabbath.

It was indeed a delightful meeting. The recreation ground made a beautiful picture with a back ground of gray hills rising high and a belt of foliage just beginning to put on her autumnal tint and the lawn dotted over with nicely dressed people. As I walked home and the word «*community*» kept ringing in my ears and I saw the secret of England's power; it lies in the *unity of her community*. England in the very core of her heart is a unit.

BOOK-SHELF.

CHRISTIAN MISSIONS AND SOCIAL PROGRESS. By Rev. James S. Dennis, D. D. Fleming H. Revell Company, New York, Chicago and Toronto, Price $2.50 per volume; the work to be completed in three volumes.

The time has come when a missionary society can scarcely consider itself well-equipped unless it has acquired, either by gift or purchase, a suitable library. Permit us to lay emphasis upon the word *suitable*, for we should feel very sorry to have our societies in the matter of selecting books blunder as egregiously as sometimes have blundered those committees who choose the literature for Sabbath-schools. It is a case, however, when preaching is remarkably easy and practicing quite difficult. There is one book which we can scarcely err in recommending for use in missionary societies, and it is respecting this that we wish to give a brief notice. Dr. Dennis' book, when finished, will consist of three volumes. Two of these volumes are now issued, and the third will no doubt follow before a great while. They are remarkably well executed as regards printing, etc., and contain many attractive and useful illustrations. These

features, although affording great satisfaction to the reader, would by no means compensate if the reading matter itself were disappointing. Such, however, is not the case in "Christian Missions and Social Progress." The price may deter societies from purchasing these volumes; but when we reflect upon the scope and accuracy and value of Dr. Dennis' production, we can but feel that this one good work would be worth a great deal as a reference treasure-house. The general table of contents is as follows:

VOLUME I.—The Sociological Scope of Christian Missions. The Social evils of the Non-Christian World. Ineffectual Remedies and the Causes of their Failure. Christianity the Social Hope of the Nations.

VOLUME II.—The Dawn of a Sociological Era in Missions. The Contribution of Christian Missions to Social Progress.

VOLUME III.—The Contribution of Christian Missions to Social Progress. (Continued.)

To these lectures is added a useful appendix containing many statistics and other data.

THE STORY OF MY LIFE AND WORK. By BOOKER T. WASHINGTON. J. L. Nichols and Company, Toronto, Canada, Naperville, (Chicago) Illinois, and Atlanta, Georgia. Price $1.50.

Mr. Washington should be congratulated on writing a book which must necessarily be full of personal allusions, and yet avoiding the appearance of over-weening self-conceit. Uncertain of the exact date of his birth, having a slave for his mother, ignorant of anything about his father save that he was a white man, had Booker T. Washington been careless of his fate, and had he grown up shiftless or even criminal, we could scarcely have wondered. But in servitude as he was, he had the blessing of a mother who, according to the best of her ability, taught him the way of rectitude and the privilege of prayer. Born probably in 1858 or 1859, near Hale's Ford, Franklin county, Virginia, he was yet a little child when the Civil War was ended and the slaves began to realize their freedom. It is pleasing to learn that members of the family who owned Mr. Washington still have occasional correspondence with him, and are much interested in the Tuskegee Institute. Migrating with his mother, brother and sister to West Virginia, where his stepfather had already been for sometime, young Washington there found employment, and here it was that he obtained his first schooling. Here also he united with the Baptist church. The longing for knowledge was strong in the heart of this black boy, and finally he set off for Hampton College in Virginia, from which institution he was graduated in 1875. After this, despite many vicissitudes, Mr. Washington climbed to the position which he holds at present, honored by the better classes of both white and black races. It would not be wise nor would it be right for us here to detail the career of Mr. Washington. He himself has told the story in the book now under review. We may there learn also the history of Tuskegee Institnte, that Industrial college where so many sound, practical ideas are embodied in the training given to the students. It might seem, as if certain of the schools for white people could learn lessons from Tuskegee. Those persons who are interested in the true advancement of the Negro race will be much pleased with this story of Booker T. Washington's life and work. And we think that if those who have not as yet felt great concern for the elevation of the Afro-Americans would but read the pages of this book, they will experience a change of sentiment. M. H. W.

Outlined Program for May and June.

MAY—THE MEDICAL MISSION.

1. The Divine example and command regards medical missions.
2. The value to body and soul of this work, and its use as a door-opener in mission fields.
3. The incentives to the support of this department.
4. The various divisions of medical mission work.
5. What should be the training and character of a model medical missionary.
6. Women as medical missionaries.
7. Is this branch of the church's work advancing?
8. Sketches of the work done by our own medical missionaries in Egypt and India.

Roll call. Facts about this work in other foreign lands.

LITERATURE.

Consult the Minutes of the W. G. M. S.; The Medical Mission, by W. J. Wanless (Presbyterian Board of Publication, 1319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia, Penn.);

Primer of Medical Missions, by J. Lowe, (F. H. Revell); An article in the Missionary Review of the World for November, 1900; Leaflet (obtainable from Literature secretaries), Medical Missionaries and their work. Reference to the Double Cross (718 Sansom St., Philadelphia) and to Mercy and Truth (Church missionary society, Salisbury Square, E. C., London England) will be found very helpful.

JUNE—FRANCE.

1. Some results of Popery as exhibited in French history.
2. The Reformation in France.
3. Sketch of John Calvin, the great theologian.
4. The present reaction among French priests and people against Roman Catholicism.
5. Moral perils besetting the French at this crisis.
6. What religious work is being accomplished by the French Protestants at home and in foreign countries?
7. The great opportunity for Protestantism.

At roll call respond by incidents in the life of Admiral Coligni.

LITERATURE.

Consult D'Aubigne's Histories of the Reformation; Blackburn's Life of Admiral Coligni; Baird's Histories; The Wars of the Huguenots, by Samuel Smiles; The Life of R. W. McAll (Fleming H. Revell); The McAll Record (Address Mrs. C. H. Parkhurst, 133 East 37th St., New York City); The Huguenot Quarterly (Address Professor Jean C. Bracq, Vassar College, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.). Informa,ion may be obtained by application to the Franco-Ameriban Committee of Evangelization, 19 East 16th street, New York City.

M. H. W.

STUDIES FOR 1901.

February—Egypt.
March—Home Missions.
April—Africa.
May—The Medical Mission.
June—France.
July—India.
August—Study of the Work of the W. G. M. S.
September—North American Indians.
October—Mormonism.
November—The Freedmen.
December—The Conflict between the Missionary and the Rum and Opium Traffic.

Foreign News Budget.

Egypt.

Mrs. Lena P. McLaughlin, of Asyut, writes:

The missionaries of this city of the Nile are still here even if they have been almost as silent as the grave in giving news. There is reason for complaint, but probably the silence will not be of so long duration again.

We are glad to have Dr. and Mrs. Henry with us again. They were warmly welcomed by the natives as well as missionaries. Dr. Henry has not lost much time in being initiated into active work. The new hospital building will be pushed to completion as the building now occupied is wanted by the owner, and if the new building is not ready, it will be detrimental to the work. The foundation is ready for the superstructure. A visit from Rev. and Mrs. Hart was much appreciated. They are now located in their new field of labor at Zagazig.

The schools are in good condition. Closing exercises are being prepared for 1901. These are always enjoyed by the people. The work in the English department is noticeably improving each session. Mr. McCall and Miss Ramsey, the new teachers in the college, are doing excellent work. Miss Rena Hogg is doing work among the women as well as in the school. She is one wellfitted for the zenana work, and could fill a long-felt need if the time could be given her.

Dr. Kyle's short visit was refreshing to us all. Dr. McLaughlin is with Dr. Murche's on the Ibis, and is doing clinic work in the villages. One afternoon he had a clinic of 300 who were afflicted with all manner of disease. The majority, however, had eye trouble of various kinds.

Miss Dorcas Teas, also of Asyut, writes of Thanksgiving day:

Thanksgiving in the U. S.! We might have forgotten it except for the kind invitation of Mrs. Reed to take supper at her house. There is surely abundant reasons for thankfulness at this present time.

Sickness and sorrow entered this happy home in the early part of the year and the whole family had to leave and go to the Alexandria hospital. Then later they were obliged to go to Switzerland. The present finds them back in their wonted places, able to take up the duties of life, and we unite heartily with them in praise and thankfulness to the Giver of all good for His rich blessings.

Another cause for thanksgiving is the safe return to Egypt of our beloved co-laborers, Mr. and Mrs. Hart and Dr. and Mrs. Henry and their little ones. Happy and joyous are these friends in the beginning of another term of service in this their chosen field. Though Mr. and Mrs. Hart are not to work in Asyut as heretofore yet we cheerfully give them up for the sake of the needy town of Zak-a-zik, where their hands will be more than full. It is our prayer that the Holy Spirit may be ever present to help in their labors. During Dr. Henry's absence, Dr. and Mrs. McLaughlin faithfully held the fort. They will be greatly missed by the people of Asyut and vicinity, who have a warm place for them in their hearts. But we know tbat the Father has work elsewhere for them, and can trust them to His tender keeping and guidance while they wait His time to open up to them their chosen field south of us in the great Soudan.

There is another great blessing for which we feel that our expressions of thanksgiving are all too weak. It is the building of the new hospital, which is slowly but surely going on. The Lord greatly blessed Dr.

Henry's labors during the time of his furlough in America by opening the hearts of the people, and their purses as well, to give to this branch of the Lord's work and we feel there is increased earnestness in prayer for the needy souls whose poor bodies we treat from time to time in the hospital.

We sometimes enjoy on Sabbath days a little change from our usual line of work, when there are no operations or treatments that cannot wait over to another day. This gives us an opportunity to look into some «other body's» work, perhaps to go to a nearby village in company with Miss Rena Hogg, where for four years past she has visited among the women and told them of a better life to which they may attain. When two of us go, one visits the houses of Moslems while the other goes to the little school house which is used on Sabbaths for meetings. Early in the morning there is a meeting for men, some of our people leading it. At 10 o'clock there is a service for the women. It is a great privilege to me to be permitted sometimes to tell them the «old old story,» which must be told simply as possible, for they are so very ignorant and superstitious we very often feel at a loss to know how to impress these poor women with a proper sense of truth.

Last Sabbath after the usual round, knocking on numerous doors to notify the dwellers inside that it was meeting time, we went on to the little school. Soon the women began to came in such numbers as surprised the leaders. We found there had been an equally large attendance of the men in the morning, which was explained to us by our faithful old friend «Ibrahim,» who looks after the Coptic people of the place. A new Inspector from the sanitary office had been appointed in Walledeijal. The man being a Christian, was expected to be present at the meetings, and Ibrahim had informed the men that it would be to their advantage to attend, as it would please the Inspector and then, on making his rounds during the week, should he find their places dirty he would not report them to the authorities, thus saving them a fine, etc. Ibrahim was remonstrated with as to the method, but he insisted that he was right, for if they came once they might hear and learn something which might afterward make them want to come again. We trust that better motives may prompt them soon, even the Love of Jesus for "perfect love casteth out fear."

Mrs. C. C. Henry writes earlier of the hospital building:

Today ten masons commenced work on the new hospital building. We are glad to see the walls begin to go up, but we know it will be months before its light, airy and commodions rooms can be occupied. The house now occupied is full with both men and women's wards, also the old clinic house. When the new building is completed we hope to have a clinic room on the same ground with the hospital, and so concentrate the work. Both physicians are so far kept very busy and the hospital force is not sufficient to do the nursing.

When Miss Van Sommers, of England, was here last September she promised to aid the hospital in sending out an English nurse with her expenses paid. We are hoping and praying a suitable person may soon be found.

The other day as we were visiting the hospital, on entering the outer court the first pitiable object that met our eyes, was a leper just across from him one of our old faithful colporteurs with ophthalmia was patiently bearing his sufferings. Among the upstairs patients is a little boy, some 16 years of age, with spinal trouble, who is always so bright and happy, singing and reading all the day long. One day he was found weeping bitterly for he had just realized that he was daily growing weaker. As there are no suitable instruments here for treatment of his case little can be done for him. The cases of the suffering children especially appeals to one's sympathies. As we went out of the hospital we met a teacher of one of our village schools who is slowly losing his eyesight. While there seems to be nothing but a most desolate life before him, he ever testifies of the patience and grace which God is daily giving him to bear his suffering.

On last Sabbath a very bad case was brought in in from a bigoted Coptic village across the river, where gospel work has never been carried on. After the case had been operated on, a Moslem came begging that he might be entered and placed in the bed next to this sick Copt. He was willing to pay the hospital fees, to don the hospital clothes and conform to all rules only to be near his friend. While it seems strange to us that a Moslem would be willing to enter a Christian hospital for such reasons, the pitiful side of it is that the sick man, although bearing the name of Christian, really knows no more of the truth than the Moslem.

Miss A. Y. Thompson gives news from Cairo:

We do not generally pay much attention to dreams, but I heard of a woman this month who has been so much impressed by one that she commenced in earnest to learn to read. Before that she had no wish to learn, nor to attend our church services, although her saintly sister-in-law had done all she could to persuade her to do so.

I was much impressed lately by a sentence in a letter from one of our younger missionaries. She said: «I enjoy my work among the houses very much, in spite of the fact that I seem to hear of some new sorrows every time. I go to them and often feel as though I carried away a good deal without leaving behind any less.» I do not doubt but this is the experience of many Christian workers, and we long for wisdom to direct us to give proper advice, or suitable consolation, or a needed rebuke. And yet Jesus said, «How much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask Him.»

Recently I was laid up for a time and I had time to reflect on a good many things. It is a great joy to be able to go about my usual work again, and I am grateful to those who carried it on when I was not able to do so. The head teacher in the Zahir school, with whom Miss Harvey and I have been so pleased has been sick with pneumonia and is still so bad that today we had to bring in a friend of hers to help care for our pupils.

Mrs. Murch writes:

We expect to go back to Luxor the last of next week. We have had a pleasant and, we trust, a profitable three months work among the villages in Upper Egypt. We have visited more than 30 different towns and still have four or five more to visit.

Last week we were in Aswan where Mr. and Mrs. Moosa are working. They are doing good work and are much beloved by the people. Last year two of our most influential members died and we were afraid that the work, which had been self-supporting, would not continue so; but by the earnest efforts of Mr.

Moosa and the blessing of God the work still goes on, and the church continues to grow. At last Sabbath's communion six new members were admitted to the church.

Mr. and Mrs. Moosa never get tired of talking about friends in America and the happy time they had while there. It is the earnest desire of both that they may sometime return and spend their last days among the friends they love so well.

For a short time Dr. McLaughlin has been working with us on the boat. It would be such a pleasure to us if he and Mrs. McLaughlin were permitted to work with us in our district; they would find plenty to do. It may be the Lord wishes this, as they are not yet permitted to go to the work to which they were appointed.

We are all so sorry to see Mr. Kelly Giffen go by himself to the Soudan but the Sirdar did not think it best at the present to have a doctor begin work there; but we all hope and pray the way will soon be opened for the work being carried on there as it is in Egypt.

India.

Dr. Johnson writes:

DEAR FRIENDS:—You will be glad to know we have reached home safely and have begun work once again.

This morning when going over to the hospital I saw a woman sitting by the roadside near our house with a bottle of medicine and our dispensary out ticket in her hand. Wanting to know why she was sitting there I stopped and spoke to her. She said, «I have got my medicine but I am just resting. This morning I walked a great distance to come to your dispensary and now I have not the strength to get back home. I wanted to stay a couple of days in the hospitul *if I could be cured in that time;* but they said I have a complication of diseases and I could not get well so soon. So I am just resting a bit and then I will start home.»

She looked so poorly all over that I could not bear to see her go away, and finally persuaded her to return to the hospital with me and stay till she was strong. She was too ill to walk and before hospital clothes could be put on her she was in chills, and I have no doubt that she was thankful that she had a warm, comfortable bed to stay in, and that tonight she is having proper nursing and food. It will be a long time before she can walk home again. She said to me, «A very bad kind of fever is killing people in the villages. Those who get it die in a couple of days. You will find many sick in the villages and they have not the strength to walk into Jhelum for medicine.»

The fact is that the people have suffered so from famine and a most trying summer that they have no strength left to resist the ordinary autumnal fever. We are arranging soon to reach our village people in their homes with medicine and food.

Miss Rosa T. Wilson, of Gurdaspur, says:

We have but lately returned from the Annual Meeting. Ere this reaches you those who go out in camp will be working among the village people.

This is an unnsually sickly season, so much fever prevailing everywhere. We ask you to remember us in your prayers, not only that we may be given health and strength, but that a blessing may accompany the spoken Word.

Last Sabbath we had communion here and there were fewer in attendance than usual on account of sickness. The twelve famine orphans that we have been keeping were all baptized. We shall be sorry to part with them as they leave us to go to the orphanage in Gujranwala.

The wedding of one of our members was recently celebrated in the church. After the ceremony, tea, cake and sweets were served at the mother's house. The next day the married couple left for their home below Delhi.

Rawal Pindi news is given by Miss Josephine White:

This afternoon I passed a place where a large number of persons were collected together. There were men, women and children. Some were standing, more were sitting down and still others were lying on the ground. I asked one group why so many were gathered there, and was told that there was to be a distribution in that place, and that these poor people had come with the hope of receiving something. I passed on into the house of one of my zenanas, and there was told that Fazal Ilahi, their neighbor over the way, was distributing one hundred rupees among the poor. This was what had brought the crowd from the city and the surrounding villages. I could not learn that any one had received more than two or four annas, and I wondered how many persons in the United States of America would stay about all day for four or eight cents.

The woman I was visiting is an interesting old person, who has a fair education. One day while talking to her I proposed that she begin reading the New Testament. She said, «I have one herewhich belonged to Munshipe,» her husband. She brought it out and we at once began the reading of it and are still keeping it up. Every time that Jesus is referred to as the Son of God she stops to object, but she reads on, and is an interested pupil, and well understands what she reads. The Mohammedans never speak of God as the Father, and what they most object to in our teaching is that Christ is the Son of God.

We have many zenanas in Rawal Pindi, and might have many more if we only had capable workers to teach in them after they are once started.

Miss Susie Young writes from Zafarwal, Nov. 15, 1900:

We are once more out in the district for another winter's work. Have been out for more than a week now, and have reached the limit of one district on this side. A short distance from our camp is the Rava river, which separates our district from Gurdaspur. I had not been here before, so it is quite new work for me. I wonder sometimes when I shall *get over* our entire district.

At present we are among non-Christians. We have visited in seven villages and also spent considerable time in the city where we are camped. Most of our hearers are Hindus, but we have a Mohammedan audience occasionally.

Yesterday we saw a young girl, who several years ago was regarded as a goddess and was carried about from place to place and worshiped. She is still greatly honored and is taken about by her father and other Bramins and seems to lead the life of a fakir. Although very young she is already bold and brazen. One shudders to think of the life before her. It seems much worse because done in the name of religion.

The Sialkot missionaries are having a Bible School for workers before going into camp. The new missionaries have now reached their stations and I suppose are busy studying ere this.

Young People's Department.

Beware of the Camel's Nose

(An Arabian Fable.)

"Once in a tent a workman wrought
With languid hand and listless thought
When through the open curtain space,
Behold, a camel thrust his face.
'My nose is cold,' he meekly cried,
'O let me warm it by thy side!'

"Since no denial word was said,
In came the nose, in came the head—
As sure as sermon follows text,
The long and scraggy neck came next;
And then, as falls the threatening storm,
In came the whole ungainly form.

Aghast the owner gazed around,
And on the rude invader frown'd,
Convinced as closer still he pressed,
There was no room for such a guest;
Yet, more astonished, heard him say:
'If thou art troubled, go thy way,
For in this place I choose to stay.'

"O youthful hearts, to gladness born,
Treat not this Arab lore with scorn!
To evil habit's earliest wile
Lend neither ear nor glance nor smile.
Choke the dark fountain ere it flows,
Nor e'er admit the camel's nose."

—LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

PIONEER HOME MISSIONARY.

In Lite A Heroine—In Death A Martyr.

(The life of Narcissa Prentiss Whitman, wife of Marcus Whitman, has been sketched by Edwin Ells, who remembers Mrs. Whitman and the terrible events connected with her death, from which we abstract the following.)

Of the early life of Narcissa Prentiss Whitman history has so far given us but meager details. That her early home was in Allegheny county, New York; that her father was Judge Stephen Prentiss; her mother a woman of sincere piety, whose instruction and example were fruitful in forming her character, are facts that form a part of the environment of her early life.

She was a strong, healthy, ruddy girl, with golden hair, a member of the village choir in the Presbyterian church of the town in which she lived. Early in life she became deeply impressed with the importance of missions, a subject then just beginning to attract general attention in the churches of that region, and when Dr. Marcus Whitman, of similar mold, asked her to share his fortunes, and accompany him as a missionary to the Oregon Indians, who were then reported to be hungering for the "word of life," she gladly gave him her heart and her hand, and became his companion in life and in death, in his efforts for the good of the Indians and his country.

In March, 1836, they left their native state for the wilds of the Far West. Through snow and mud, by stage and sleigh, they wended their way from New York to Pittsburg. At Cincinnati they were joined by the Rev. and Mrs. H. H. Spaulding, who became their traveling companions in their journey across the continent. Two weeks after leaving Pittsburg, they arrived at St. Louis. Two days later they started up the Mississippi river and proceeded on up the Missouri to the town of Liberty. Here they bade farewell to civilization and almost to comfort, and started on their long, tedious, wearisome and dangerous horseback ride of 2,000 miles across the American desert.

They had arranged to have for an escort across the plains the caravan of the American Fur Company. To the managers of this caravan, the additional burden of having ladies along, whom they would feel obliged to protect from the Indians, was very distasteful. They apparently attempted to get away from them, and started four days sooner than the time set, and the missionary party, unaccustomed, as they were to this mode of travel, found it very difficult to overtake them. Some of their horses were stolen and others had to be secured, causing delay. The weather was bad, the grass poor, but all depended upon union with the caravan, and this was at length accomplished. Then their provisions were used up sooner than they expected, and when they got to the buffalo country they had to live on buffalo meat for months. Crossing the rivers was often difficult and sometimes dangerous. At Snake river they found a canoe made of rushes and willows, on which the two ladies placed themselves with their saddles when two Indians on horses, with a rope attached to each, swam across and towed them over.

But the six months' journey ended at last and on the first day of September they arrived at Fort Walla Walla, where the doctor prepared a cabin on the banks of the river, and early in December they sat by their own fireside, happy and hopeful. The weather was not severe. They were young and healthy, the novelty of their surround-

ings made it interesting and the winter passed rapidly away.

The following spring, on the anniversary of her own birthday, a daughter came to bless their lonely home. She was the first white child born in this state. They named her Alice Clarissa Whitman. For two and a half years her presence cheered and brightened the home, but one September Sabbath, when nature's products were ripe, there came a great sorrow. This tender soul was gathered to her home above. At family worship that morning, and also in the morning service with the Indians, she was allowed to select, and sang with singular clearness and distinctness, and with such an ecstasy as almost to raise her out of her chair, the hymn, "Rock of Ages Cleft for Me." It seemed afterwards as though her last song was almost prophetic, as she sweetly and earnestly rendered the words

When I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown
And behold Thee on the throne,
Rock of Ages cleft for me
Let me hide myself in thee.

About 2 o'clock in the afternoon, while her parents were reading, suddenly she was found to be missing. The Indian domestic was sent to find her in the garden, but not being found there, they ran up and down the banks of the river with intense anxiety, yet no trace of her met their eyes. Finally an old Indian swimming under the water, soon found the body, but the spirit had gone to the God who gave it. You can better imagine than I can describe how utterly crushed was the heart of that lonely mother with her beautiful, fair-haired darling dead. But with characteristic fortitude and resignation that seems almost sublime, she meekly bowed and said: "Lord, it is right; it is right." In later years, when she more fully realized what influence her surroundings and environment must have had on her child, she felt that her gem had been taken when it was pure to a pure home, and she was comforted with the thought that her darling was safe in the arms of Jesus.

Then followed the lonely, lonely days, sometimes her husband gone, and letters from home very few and far between. It would take three years for her to get a reply from her parents to the letter she wrote to them giving an account of her great sorrow. It had been two years after she left her home in the East before she received the first letters. For three years longer they continued their patient toil and labor of love, trying to lead the Indians to a better life.

Then, in October 1842, her husband, became so impressed with the importance of going to Washington city to help save the country to the nation, that he bade her adieu and started on his memorable ride across the continent. Can you imagine what she endured during his absence of that year in her lonely waiting? No letter or intelligence from him during all this time. If his ride was an heroic one, was not her stay equally so? But the days and weeks and months went by and about eleven months from the time he left she was thrilled with unutterable joy to see him once again.

Three more years went by and we see another manifestation of her generous heart. In the emigrant train of that year, which passed her door, there came a family of seven orphan children, the youngest a babe of a few months. Both parents had died. They had no relatives in the train and were entirely destitute and in the deepest distress. Her mother heart was stirred to its depths and she took them all in and adopted the whole family. Some of them still live to revere her memory.

Another year passed by and the curtain rises on the last sad act of this drama. It is the 29th of November, 1847. The home, once so small, has grown, and a community of some seventy persons are living there. Some are emigrants who can go no farther that fall, but must spend the winter there. There is quite a school, and all are busy in their various avocations. Suddenly, and without warning, a band of treacherous savages, to many of whom she has ministered, swarm through the buildings and the grounds, and a massacre of a dozen persons is the result. Let us not stay to follow the details of this horrible day, but confine ourselves to the only woman murdered. She is in the room with her husband, who has twice been cut in the head with the deadly tomahawk. He knows her not. One of her two adopted sons, also bathed in blood, is on the floor. As an angel of mercy she is going from one to another, giving such aid and comfort as she can to the dying, the sick, and the helpless terrified children huddled together here and there.

As she passes a window an Indian raises his gun and fires. A ball enters her right breast and she falls to the floor. She slowly rises and crawls to the settee on which her bloody unconscious, but still living, husband is lying, and kneeling at his side is heard to offer her last prayer. She commends her soul to God. Then she prays for her children now a second time to be left orphans and about to fall into the hands of her direct murderers, and lastly, for her dear parents, brothers and sisters far away

that they should be comforted when they shall learn of her untimely end. They carry her upstairs, where with the children and a wounded man they remain some hours in terror. Near night, under promise of protection, she is brought down to be taken to another house. As she is carried through the door on a settee a volley of shots riddles the body of the man at the head of the settee and some of them enter her body. The settee is upset, rolling her to the ground, where after a few expiring groans, she joins her husband and child a united family on the other side.

Thus lived and died one whose ruling motive was to do good to others; one who braved the perils of the wilderness, endured privations and hardship, such as would make most of us quail, because inspired by lofty aims and noble purposes; one who was a companion of, and helped to inspire and strengthen, the patriotism of a man who nobly did the duty which opportunity gave him to perform.

Who more than this devoted pair lived to rescue our state from a foreign power, the stars and stripes to float over this our fair heritage.—*Tacoma Ledger.*

NEWS AND METHODS OF WORK, JUNIOR MISSIONARY SOCIETIES.

Conducted by MRS. N. WYLIE STEVENSON, Junior Secretary.

Sixth Church, Allegheny.

This society is composed of girls only, about 35 in number. The boys of the congregation are organized as a Junior Christian Endeavor. This is an instance of where two Junior societies in one congregation work successfully.

The success of any Junior missionary society depends very largely upon the way it starts. It is best to delay calling children together until the superintendent and leaders have planned and devised the best methods, and met several times in preparation meetings. Then success is sure to be the result.

Plan to have devoted leaders who can pray in public and train children to pray, as well as qualified to train them to be the officers of the smaller divisions, acting as president, secretary and treasurer, and to understand parliamentary duties.

Have a committee to visit the sick and absent members to secure new members; one to arrange program; one to become informed about the Orphans' Home, Memorial hospital and Aged People's Home, and a music committee. In this way you will have each member responsible for work and they will have an object in coming to the meeting.

Distribute picture leaflets to the younger members. Let them study the lesson to report it and return the leaflets for further distribution.

Teach the Juniors to distribute their magazines, books, toys and leaflets to those who are not so highly favored.

Have the secretary of each division keep a record of these doings. Call them missionary efforts, and let each child know that these efforts are recorded.

Have a banner, to be changed from class to class, for regular attendance given in percentage quarterly. Offer prizes for lessons, attendance and greatest number of new members, either children as members or parents as honorary members. Also have quarterly or semi-annual meetings where these prizes are to be given and also the Juniors' record in figures.

MRS. SARAH J. PATTERSON.

Sixth Church, Pittsburg

It has been the custom of the Sixth Church, Pittsburg, Juniors for some years to exercise self-denial during the month of December in the interest of the special work assigned the boys and girls. The offerings made in this way are deposited in little red silkaline bags made for the purpose. This year on one side of the bags was the inscription, "A coin for every blessing the Lord hath given me; To be sent to the little girls of India, far over the sea." On the other side, "Junior Missionary Christmas Offerings, December 23, 1900."

A special program is arranged and the place of meeting brightened with Christmas decorations. The program is printed in booklet form, in red ink, with holly ornamentation.

There is always a deep interest manifested, and this year proved no exception. At the time appointed the Juniors and their leaders marched from the church parlors into the lecture room singing the Ninety-Sixth Psalm, being seated while singing the last verse.

The Story of the Christ Child was given to the boys and girls with sweet simplicity and effectiveness by Miss Anna M. Lyons. Miss Rosa K. Case related with touching pathos a Christmas story, "The Christmas Chimes" which teaches the true spirit of giving. While singing, "O Come Into His Courts," a representative from each of the twelve circles presented the offerings. A young lady received them on little brass hooks in a moss-covered star resting on an

easel draped in holly red. After prayer and benediction by the pastor the Sixth church, Juniors returned to their homes with happy hearts because of having proven that "it is more blessed to give than receive."

The financial result will provide for two scholarships. MRS. M. M. HILL, Supt.

A new society has been reported this month at Grove City, Pa.

The subscriptions to the Juniors' Magazine have been coming in rapidly the past few weeks, yet there are many familiar names we have missed in the renewals. No doubt the rush and hurry of the holidays caused many to forget. For that reason we decided to send the January magazine out to every one as usual, hoping that by Feb. 15th all the old names would be on our list again.

Miss Isabel Howie, of Lawrence, Mass., writes:

"The Juniors of the First church are very much pleased with the Junior Magazine and are getting interested in mission work. They raised over four dollars by investing a nickel and we made it five and sent it to the famine fund being collected by our own board. It was sent with other contributions from the church so they will not get any credit for it. They also sent a box of books and toys to the Freedmen's mission in Henderson, N. C., at Christmas time. At the present time some of them are collecting patches to send to the Indians."

FROM Month TO Month.

Board of Directors.

The Board of Directors met January 3, at ten a. m. in usual place, Mrs. Herron in the chair conducting devotional exercises.

Foreign secretary reported letters from several missionaries in the field,

Parsonage secretary gave report of her department.

Treasurer reported receipts for December $6,187.32; expended $5,777.89.

Home secretary received reports from Miss Caruthers, Spokane; Miss Morrow, Seattle; Miss Beaton, Colfax; Rev. J. A. Morrow, Simnasho; Rev. T. M. Chalmers, Messiah Mission, and from Polish missionary, Mr. Constantine Autoszewski.

Report of Finance committee submitted and approved.

Thank-offering secretary submitted report.

Freedmen's secretary reported from sewing, dressmaking and cooking departments at Knoxville; sewing department at Prairie and Canton Bend; sewing and cooking departments at Norfolk; also from Mr. Cotton, superintendent of farm at Prairie, Ala.

Financial report of the Juniors' Missionary Magazine was submitted and approved.

Adjourned at 5:10 p. m. Mid-month meeting will be held Tuesday, January 15th.

M. JEENIE STEVENSON, Sec.

Notice to Presbyterial Recording Secretaries.

The blanks for the annual missionary reports will be mailed in February to the addresses of recording secretaries of Presbyterial missionary societies, as given in the minutes of 1900, unless otherwise notified.

Where changes have been made, secretaries will confer a favor and greatly assist the work, if they will send, *at once*, the name, (Mrs. or Miss) and address of the new secretary.

If the blanks are not received by February 20, please notify the undersigned, when duplicates will be mailed.

MRS. MARY W. PORTER.

Latrobe, Pa. Statistical Secretary.

Mrs. Mary S. Boden.

At a meeting of the Woman's Missionary Society of the 2d United Presbyterian church of Cambridge O., the following minutes on the death of Mrs. Mary S. Boden were adopted.

We would offer a tribute of love to the memory of our co-worker, Mrs. Mary S. Boden, whom our Heavenly Father saw fit to "heal of her infirmities" at noon, Dec. 26, 1900. In His loving kindness He permitted her to go in and out among us until very near the close of her busy life.

Recognizing her worth and devotion we can well try to follow in her footsteps as much as she imitated Christ in meekness, gentleness aud lowliness of spirit; and we commend the husband and sons "who stand where the shadow of our sorrow falls the darkest," to Him who said to his faithful disciples, "I will not leave you comfortless."

"And I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth; yea, saith the Spirit that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow

them." COM.

Miss Eliza A. Johnston—Miss Samantha Duff.

The W. M. S. of Hebron congregation Monongahela Presbytery has recently been called to mourn the loss of two of its members—Miss Eliza A. Johnston, who was called to her reward on Oct. 8, 1900, and Miss Samantha Duff, who was called home on Nov. 6, 1900.

Aunt Eliza, as Miss Johnston was commonly called, was spared to a ripe old age. She was a charter member of our congregation, and was a devoted Christian, a warm-hearted friend, and ever ready to minister at the bedside of the sick. We mourn her loss, but we know that our loss is her gain.

Miss Duff was a charter member and the first president of our society and its secretary at the time of her death. She is sadly missed in the home, and in every department of church work. We bear testimony to her faithfulness in the discharge of all her duties, to her unselfish Christian life, to her strong faith in the promises of God, to her love for her Saviour, and to her peaceful and triumphant death. We will ever cherish her memory and will strive to be followers of her who through faith and patience has inherited the promises.

Treasurer's Report.

Receipts for April to end of the year, including April 15, 1900.

Foreign.—D. T. Reed, 15; Chicago, 22; Westmoreland, 164, and for Medical Journals, 12, also for India, 32.80; Brookville, 14; Monongahela, 316; Allegheny, 8; Frankfort, 13.50; Steubenville, 44; Princeton, 2.50; Spokane, 15; Butler, 35; Kiskiminetas, 34; Sidney, 57; Delaware, 5; Mercer, 45; Lake, 87; New York, 23; Cedar Rapids, 12 75; Monmouth, 11 20; Illinois Central, 48: Philadelphia, 60; Rock Island, 30; Kansas City, 5; Beaver Valley, 148; Wheeling, 196; Muskingum, 72 04; Los Angeles, 18; San Francisco 2; Caledonia, 65; Oregon, 9; Illinois Southern, 9; Indiana, 13; Arkansas Valley, 12 55; Xenia, 16.93; Chicago, 15; Lake, 20; College Springs 13.99, and for salary of Rev. George Morrison, India, 42.85; Chartiers, 79; Cleveland, 17; Colorado, 11; San Francisco, 38; Garnett, 7; Le Claire, 37 50.

Foreign Specials.—Americus Mission Band, for "Scholarship," India, 8 75; Westmoreland, for Miss Campbell, 25, and for Miss Anderson, 13; Monongahela, for Sialkot Girls' School, 25; 2nd Allegheny Willing Workers, for Bible Reader, India, 40 and for Miss Anderson, 10; Mercer, for pupil Sialkot, 10; Cedar Rapids, for Miss Anderson, 25; Philadelphia, for pupil in Miss Thompson's school Egypt, 50; 1st Kansas City, Mo., for Dr. Henry's Hospital, Egypt, 6; Muskingum, for scholarship India, 6 25; Allegheny Junior M. Soc, support of "Hope" Asyut, 5; 2nd Allegheny W. M. S. Bible Reader, India, 90; 1st Portland, pupil Sialkot, 15, Florida N. Y. W. M. Soc., pupil Sialkot, 16; Xenia, for Sialkot School, 5; Hanover, support of girl, India, 15; College Springs, Girls' School Sialkot, 7; Chartiers, for Girls' school Sialkot, 6.

India Famine Relief Fund.—Beulah, Kan. W. M. S, 10; Tamarack, Ill., 31; Monongahela, 75; Allegheny, 5; Bethsaida, Ind., L. M. S., and congregation, 22; Rush Creek, Ohio congregation, 5; New Scottsville Soc, 10; New Bethlehem Soc., 4; Princeton, 10; Ingram Junior Missionary Soc., 2; Belle Center Y. P. Soc., 10; Scotch Ridge Sabbath-School, 10, also O. Y. P. C U. 5; Amity, Ia. Cong. 2.10; Tingley Sabbath-school, 31.53; Butler, 35; Norfolk College W. M. Soc., 5; Newton, Kan W. M. Soc., 8; M. E. and J. A. Wright, Ottawa, Kan., 5; Sidney 6; Andes, N Y., 10; Mercer, 15; Ryegate, Vt. Cong. 60; Concordia W. M. S. 18; Sunbeam, Sabbath-school, 6.64; "A Friend" Fairview, Ohio, 1; Two members Oakland Cong. W. Va., 10; Cedar Rapids, 46; Mrs. R. T. McCoy, Kirkwood, Ill., 1; Monmouth, 10; Hoopeston, Ill., 3; Sandy Lake, Pa. Sabbath school, 4 61; New Bethlehem, Sabbath-school Mrs. A. M. McCartney's class, 25.50; Muskingum, 43.24; Los Angeles, 5; Taylorstown Junior Mission Band, 50; Jennie Finley, McKeesport, 5; Holyoke Pa. Cong. 10; Miss M. A. Taylor, Wilkinsburg, Pa., 1; Findlay, O. Cong. 17.73, Greeley, Colo., Sabbath school class Mrs. J. R. Miller's 4; Oregon, 12; Turtle Creek Sabbath-school, 64.60; 1st New Castle Y. L. M. Soc., 21; Mrs. Wm. Chalmers, Charlton, N. Y., 25; Indiana Pres. 20; Arkansas Valley Pres., 12; Xenia Pres., 10; Chartiers Pres., 41; Little Muskingum Y. P. C. U., 6; Beulah, Kan., Sabbath-school, 48.06; San Jose, Cal. L. M. S., 9; Garnett Pres., 6; Le Claire W. M. S., 20; S. A. McCall, Knoxville, Tenn., 2; 7th Allegheny Sabbath-school, 5.

Foreign Salaries.—Miss Fannie C. Martin, Conemaugh O. Y. P. C. U., 186; Dr. Johnson, Westmoreland, 301 50; Miss Buchanan, Monongahela, 30; Miss Cora B. Dickey, 6th church Pittsburgh, 480; Miss Embleton, Chase City L. M. Soc., 5; Miss Spencer, Butler, 77.30; Kishiminetas, 10; Mercer, 188; Miss Ella Gordon, Cedar Rapids, 59; LeClaire, 5; Miss Smith, Kansas City, 44; Garnett; 25; Miss White, Beaver Valley, 250; M. R. Martin, Mansfield, 30; Miss Thompson, Muskingum, 113; Miss Fulton, Illinois Southern, 87; Miss Logan, Ind., 18.50; Miss M. A. Lawrence, Arkansas Valley, 55.25; Miss Young, College Springs, 150.50; Miss McCahon, Chartiers, 55 50.

Tanta Hospital Egypt.—Tamarack, 3; Westmoreland, 15; Monongahela, 281; Stanford W. M. S., 12; Mercer, 23; Cedar Rapids, 20; Muskingum, 15.

Endowment of Bed Tanta Hospital.—Westmoreland, 40; Monongahela, 223; Allegheny, 30.20; Steubenville Junior C. E. Soc 5; Children of Mrs. L. W. Stone, Gayly, Pa, 75 cts; Waitsburg Junior C. U; 2; Freeport M. Band, 5: Delaware Juniors, 16.60; Lake Juniors, 24.20; Cedar Rapids Juniors 21; Kirkwood M. Band, 5; Illinois Central Juniors, 8; Philadelphia Juniors, 42 79; Moline Juniors, 3; Viola Juniors, 3; Beaver Valley Juniors, 28; Wheeling Juniors, 46; Los Angeles Juniors, 11.50; Cuylerville Juniors, 6; York Jr., 5; Arkansas Valley Jr., 4; Xenia Jr, 70.41; College Springs Jr., 19; Chartiers Jr., 22 75; San Francisco Jr. 4; LeClaire Jr., 7.85; Seattle Jr. M. S., 2 25; Aurora, Ill., Junior C. E. 4.

Jhelum Hospital—Xenia, 5.

Home and Salaries.—Chicago, 40; Wheatland King's Daughters for Jewish Mission, 8.50; Westmoreland, 114; Monongahela, 200, and for Olivet Mission Pittsburg, 22; Allegheny 87; Frankfort, 4.50; Steubenville, 17; Princeton, 6; Spokane, 22; Butler 37.50; Kiskiminetas, 7; Sidney, 29; Delaware, 5, and for Messiah Mission, 7; Mercer, 21, also Messiah Mission, 10; Vermont, 26; Lake, 38; Cedar Rapids 50; Monmouth 35.55; Illinois Central, 25; Philadelphia, 71.50; Kansas City, 5; Beaver Valley, 117.25; Wheeling, 95, also Messiah Mission, 5; Mansfield, 6; Allegheny, 15; Muskingum, 49 03; Los Angeles, 35; San Francisco, 2; Caledonia, 36; Brookville, 12; Illinois Southern, 20; Indiana, 14; Arkansas Valley, 11.30; Xenia, 68.93; Chicago, 10; Lake, 25; College Springs, 36.02; Chartiers, 90; Cleveland, 19.75; Colorado, 13; San Francisco, 11; Garnett, 5.50; LeClaire, 14.50.

Warm Springs Indians.—Westmoreland, 14; Monongahela, 77; Princeton, 1; Butler, 10; Mercer, 12; Cedar Rapids, 5; Monmouth, 7; Illinois Central, 10; Kansas City, 5; Beaver Valley 36; Muskingum, 15; Caledonia, 3; Brookville, 5; Arkansas Valley, 3; Xenia, 44; Chicago, 5; Chartiers, 66; San Francisco, 15; Garnett, 8; LeClaire, 5.

(CONTINUED NEXT MONTH.)

QUEEN VICTORIA.

May children of our children say,
"She wrought her people lasting good;

Her court was pure; her life serene;
God gave her peace; her land reposed;
A thousand claims to reverence closed
In her as Mother, Wife and Queen."

—*Alfred Tennyson.*